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T H E

# HUDSON RIVER,

BY PEN AND PENCIL.

FOR TOURISTS AND OTHERS.

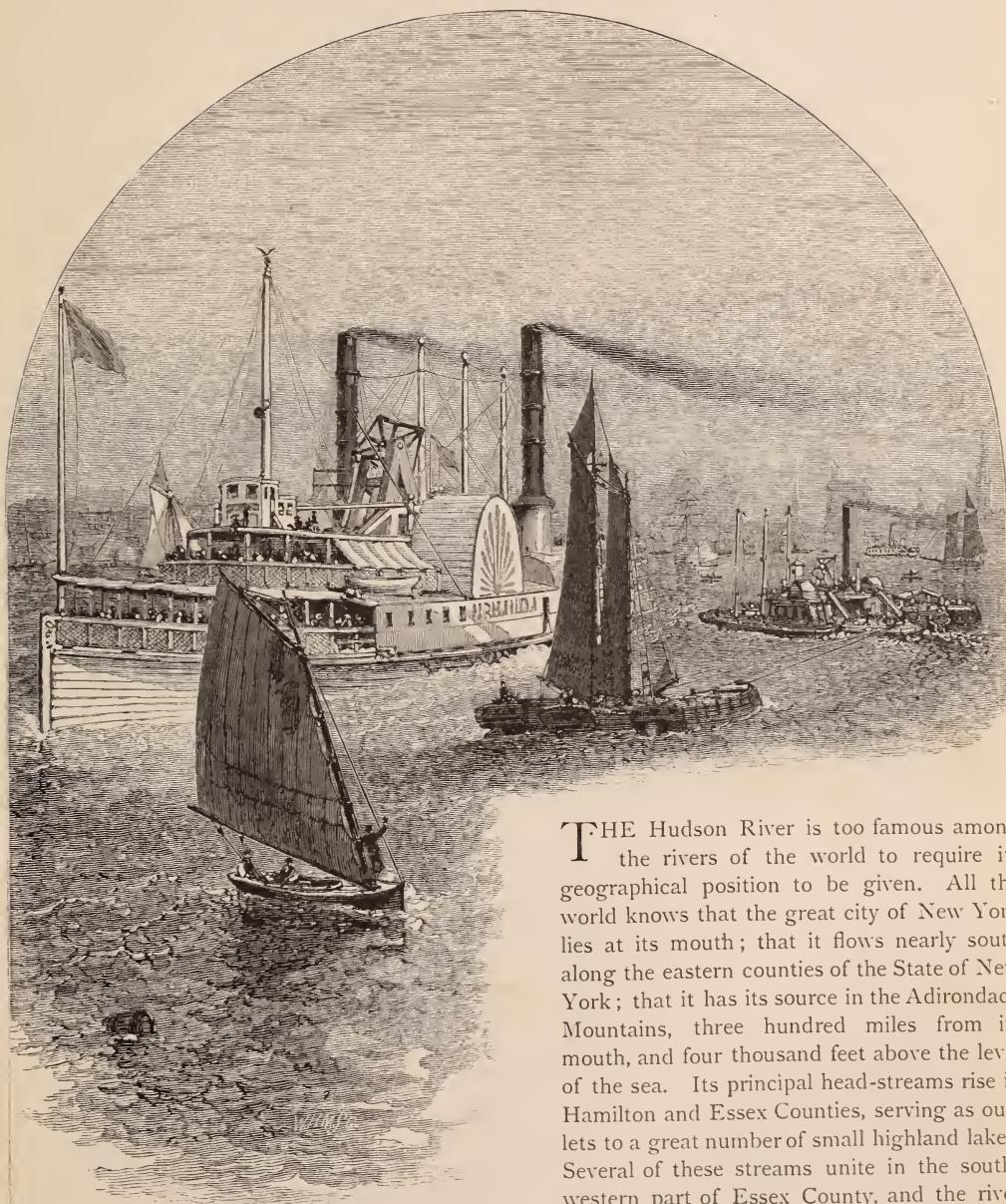
*ILLUSTRATED WITH SIXTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, FROM DRAWINGS  
BY J. D. WOODWARD.*

NEW YORK:

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# THE HUDSON RIVER.



Day-Boat leaving New York.

County, where it receives the outlet of Schroon Lake, some eight miles west of the southern part of Lake George. From this point it proceeds deviously until it reaches Glen's Falls, where it has a fall

THE Hudson River is too famous among the rivers of the world to require its geographical position to be given. All the world knows that the great city of New York lies at its mouth; that it flows nearly south along the eastern counties of the State of New York; that it has its source in the Adirondack Mountains, three hundred miles from its mouth, and four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Its principal head-streams rise in Hamilton and Essex Counties, serving as outlets to a great number of small highland lakes. Several of these streams unite in the southwestern part of Essex County, and the river formed by their junction flows in a tortuous course southeast to about the centre of Warren

of about fifty feet. From this point to Troy, a distance of about forty miles, its course is much broken by rapids; but at the latter place, one hundred and fifty-one miles from its mouth, it is affected by the tide, and becomes a broad and deep river.

The navigable Hudson is a small river, as regards its length, when we compare it with the Mississippi, the Missouri, the St. Lawrence, the Rhine, or the Danube; but no stream excels it in interest, and few unite so deep and broad a current with shores so grand and bold. There is, indeed, no gainsaying the surpassing beauty of the Hudson. No river in Europe equals it in varied, picturesque charm. Some are inclined to place a higher estimate upon the Rhine on account of its ruins and old towns; but the Rhine is monotonous compared with the Hudson. Its course is winding, but its shores are uniform in character, and the hills are denuded of trees, while the river has not that varying succession of broad expanse and narrow pass that gives to the Hudson a peculiar and untiring charm.

The best way to see the Hudson is from the deck of one of the fine steamboats that daily ascend and descend its current. Let the traveler get a position if possible on the forward-deck, inasmuch as the scene is far more striking and effective when both shores can be taken in at once; while the traveler thus placed has the opportunity of enjoying a succession of surprises that, amid the Highlands specially, give zest to the picture. It sometimes happens that the boat appears land-locked on



Castle Hill, Hoboken.

all sides; it is, apparently, a lake and not a river that it is traversing; when suddenly a turn is made, and a superb stretch of the river is opened to the view. This very striking characteristic of the river is lost to one who is contented to simply watch the shore as the boat glides by it. The day-boats on the Hudson are large and fine vessels, but the night-boats are larger—massive floating palaces. A moonlight journey upon the Hudson, in one of these sumptuous boats, is an experience to remember, and we recommend those who have taken the day journey to make a second trip on a soft, summer, moonlight night, when new and wondrous charms of the river will be unfolded to them.

The traveler, indeed, should remember that effects of scenery depend very much upon the hour in which they are seen, and the conditions of the sky. A really grand mountain looks dwarfed at mid-day, with the sun pouring down a blaze of light upon it, without a shadow to relieve its surface; the same mountain towers nobly with the sun shining behind it, and its top purpling in the twilight. On cloudy days, mountains and hills take a monotonous gray, and lose that brilliant vivacity which on a fair day shadow and sheen will give them. No one, in truth, knows what any scene really is for beauty, unless he looks upon it with the sun sufficiently low to make deep and long shadows; for a scene that is commonplace at noon becomes radiant with many charms at a later hour.

But let us begin our tour. It is a noble scene which the grand steamer sails out into from her wharf. The river here has broadened into a bay some miles wide; it is covered with craft of many kinds—with great steamships from the harbors of the Old World, with sloops and schooners from the towns far up the river, with snorting little tug-boats rushing hither and thither in obedience to various summons, with ferry-boats hurrying from shore to shore, with yachts and pleasure-boats, with fishing-craft, and great tows of canal-boats and barges under careful charge of stately and sturdy steamboats. No harbor anywhere exhibits such a variety of craft, or presents so stirring and animated a scene, as that of New York; it only needs the feluccas of the Mediterranean to make it supremely and unapproachably picturesque in the variety of its craft.

The New Jersey shore here forms the western bank of the river. A little way below, toward the bay, is Jersey City; just north of it lies Hoboken, famous for its Elysian Fields, its German beer-gardens, and its sea-side walks. Just between the village and the Fields, on an elevation known as Castle Hill, are the grounds and residence of the late R. L. Stevens, once principal owner of all the land now forming the town, and distinguished for several inventions in steam navigation, among which is that unfinished but famous iron-plated battery with which he hoped to create a revolution in naval warfare. The house is choicely situated, and the grounds around it are beautiful with lawn, meadow, and grove. Just below the hill is a walk along the river-edge, by which the Elysian Fields, just above, are reached—a walk that in former times was daily thronged to excess with pleasure-seekers, and which, though now no longer a fashionable resort, has still its groups of festive people enjoying the air from the river. The glory of the Elysian Fields is almost gone; wharves encroach upon them; and the Weehawken hills, that follow next in succession, are becoming crowded with villages and with lager-beer breweries. The huge, many-storied building that attracts the curious attention of every traveler is a gigantic brewery at Guttenburg; its roof is on a level with the hill-top, and here is a beer-garden where, on summer afternoons, our Teutonic friends come in great number to smoke, drink, and enjoy the cool evening air. But as we glide along the shore, noting the little clusters of houses that glitter amid the foliage, the mind forgets for a moment the spectacle before it, and recalls the day when the report of a pistol was heard at the base of these hills, the reverberation of which still fills the world with horror. Here it was that Hamilton and Burr met in their fatal encounter on a fair July morning



Fort Lee.

of 1804; a monument once marked the spot, but it has disappeared; the event, however, is one that the public mind seems in no way inclined to forget.

After passing Manhattanville, on the New York shore, about seven miles distant, we soon reach Fort Washington, on the east bank, and Fort Lee, on the west bank, at which points the real interest of the river begins. These places attract the traveler, not merely because they open to him the picturesque



Fort Washington.

vista of the river; they are historical spots, and for this reason, if for no other, excite his interest. Fort Washington lies between One Hundred and Eighty-fourth and One Hundred and Eighty-fifth Streets, near the upper boundary of New York island. Washington Heights, just below the site of the fort, are covered with beautiful villas; this, indeed, is one of the most elegant and fashionable suburbs of the metropolis. Fort Washington was an extensive earthwork occupying the crown of the heights; its possession was retained after the retreat of the American army into Westchester County, subsequent to the battle of Long Island, but it fell into the hands of the enemy in November of 1776, its garrison of three thousand men becoming prisoners of war. Four days after the fall of this fort, Lord Cornwallis, with six thousand men, crossed the river above at Dobb's Ferry, and attacked Fort Lee, then under the command of General Greene. The American garrison made a hasty retreat to the encampment of the main army, under Washington, five miles back at Hackensack, and the fort became an English possession. Fort Lee was named after the eccentric General Charles Lee, and stood upon the lower boundary of the Palisades, those high, perpendicular cliffs which, beginning at this point, stretch in an unbroken line for twenty-four miles along the western shore of the river, varying in height, it is said, from three hundred to five hundred feet, although possessing apparently a very uniform altitude. Nothing, we believe, remains of the old fort. The cliffs and the grounds on the slopes below it are now famous pleasure-grounds, and on summer days boats bring crowds of excursionists from the city, some of whom occupy the beer-gardens and arbors, while others ascend to the top of the cliff, and distribute themselves along the broken and picturesque escarpment, enjoying the superb views of river and shore, and distant bay, that it affords. Just below the high grounds of Fort Washington is a point of land known as Jeffrey's Hook. A redoubt was erected here at the time of the Revolution, remains of which are still to be seen; it fell into the hands of the English at the time of the capitulation of the fort above it, as did all the defenses of the Whig patriots standing upon the island.

Two miles above Jeffrey's Hook, we reach the well-known Spuyten Duyvel Creek, which marks the northern limits of Manhattan Island. It is almost impossible to discern the creek from a boat on the river; the only indications of it are the piles which support the railway track. Spuyten Duyvel Creek connects with the Harlem River, which flows into the East River at Harlem, together forming the upper boundary of the island. The curious old Dutch name is accounted for by a legend in Mr.



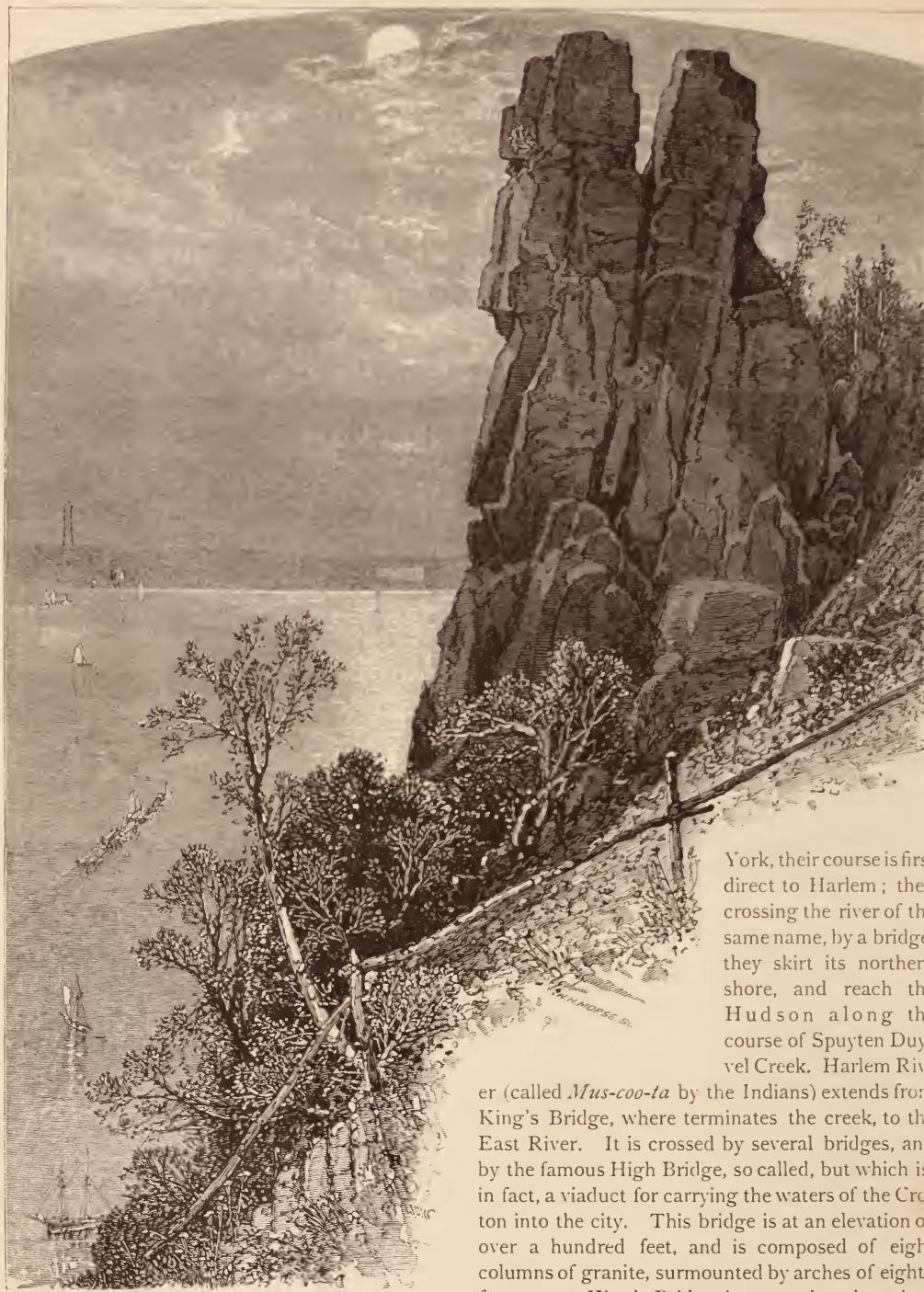
Jeffrey's Hook.

upon the brink, and then, bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand (to arouse the people to arms), he took a hearty embrace of his stone bottle; swore most valorously that he would swim across in spite of the devil (*en spyt der duyvel*), and daringly plunged into the stream. Luckless Anthony! Scarcely had he buffeted half-way over, when he was observed to struggle violently, as if battling with the spirit of the waters. Instinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, and, giving a vehement blast, sank forever to the bottom! The clangor of his trumpet rang far and wide through the country, alarming the neighbors round, who hurried in amazement to the spot. Here an old Dutch burgher, famed for his veracity, and who had been a witness of the fact, related to them the melancholy affair, with the fearful addition (to which I am slow in giving belief) that he saw the duyvel, in the shape of a huge moss-bunker, seize the sturdy Anthony by the leg, and drag him beneath the waves. Certain it is, the place has been called Sputten Duyvel ever since."

During the War for Independence, stirring events occurred in the vicinity of the creek. Batteries were erected on each side of it, at its junction with the Hudson, and in its immediate neighborhood many skirmishes took place, not only between the regulars, but between the Cow-boys and Skinners, those pests of this region.

Travelers who content themselves with such glimpses of the river and its banks as can be gained from a car-window, reach the river-shore at this point. Leaving the Grand Central Depot, at New

Diedrich Knickerbocker's famous "History of New York," which relates that Anthony Van Corlear, the trumpeter of Governor Stuyvesant, lost his life in attempting to swim across it during a violent storm. "The wind was high, the elements in an uproar, and no Charon could be found to ferry the adventurous sounder of brass across the water. For a short time he vaporized like an intelligent ghost

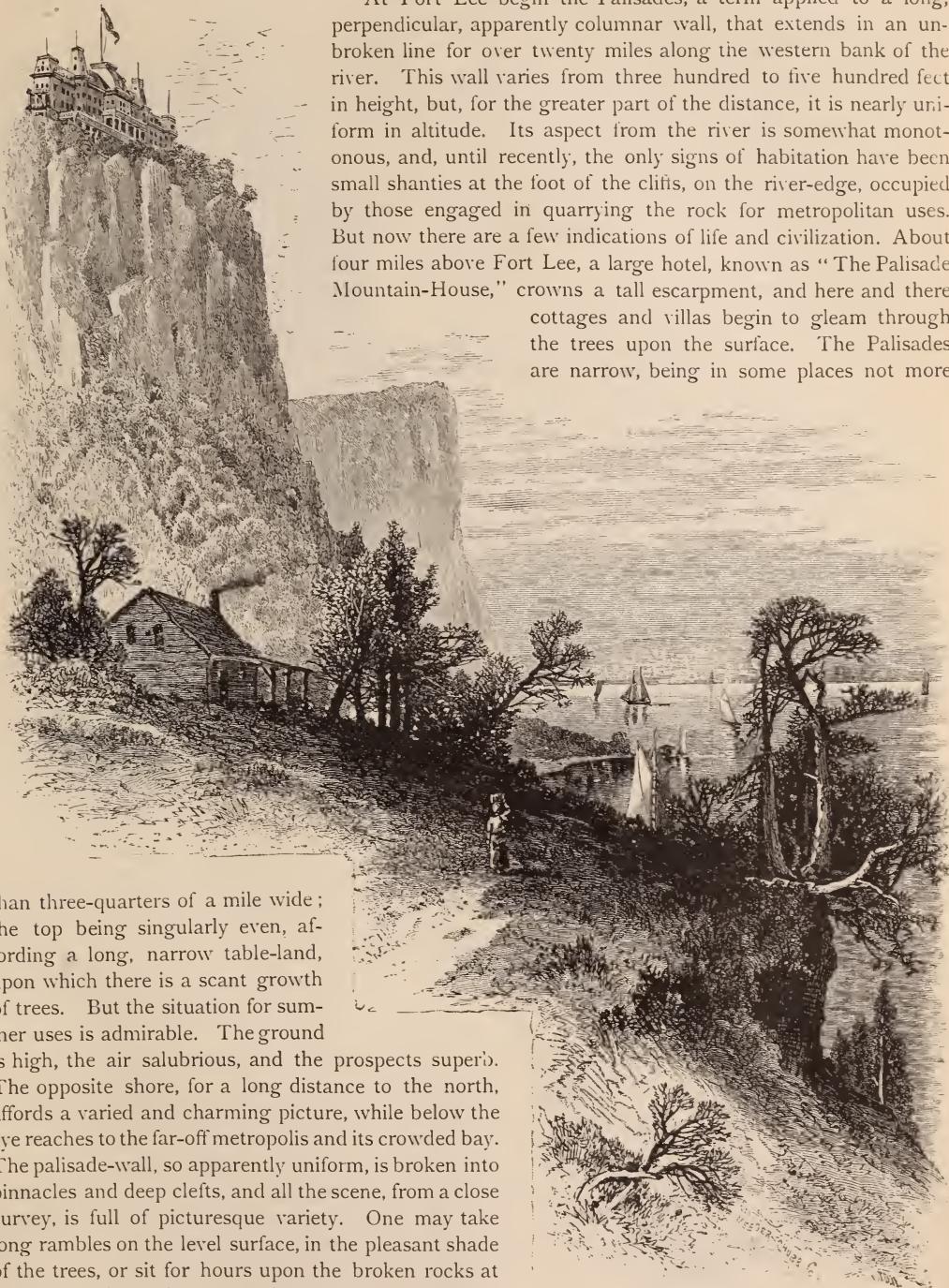


A Pinnacle of the Palisades.

uously in the local history of the city. Here the waters of Spuyten Duyvel and the Harlem meet, with no little turbulence.

York, their course is first direct to Harlem; then crossing the river of the same name, by a bridge, they skirt its northern shore, and reach the Hudson along the course of Spuyten Duyvel Creek. Harlem River (called *Mus-coo-ta* by the Indians) extends from King's Bridge, where terminates the creek, to the East River. It is crossed by several bridges, and by the famous High Bridge, so called, but which is, in fact, a viaduct for carrying the waters of the Croton into the city. This bridge is at an elevation of over a hundred feet, and is composed of eight columns of granite, surmounted by arches of eighty feet span. King's Bridge is a noted and ancient suburb of New York, and has figured conspic-

At Fort Lee begin the Palisades, a term applied to a long, perpendicular, apparently columnar wall, that extends in an unbroken line for over twenty miles along the western bank of the river. This wall varies from three hundred to five hundred feet in height, but, for the greater part of the distance, it is nearly uniform in altitude. Its aspect from the river is somewhat monotonous, and, until recently, the only signs of habitation have been small shanties at the foot of the cliffs, on the river-edge, occupied by those engaged in quarrying the rock for metropolitan uses. But now there are a few indications of life and civilization. About four miles above Fort Lee, a large hotel, known as "The Palisade Mountain-House," crowns a tall escarpment, and here and there cottages and villas begin to gleam through the trees upon the surface. The Palisades are narrow, being in some places not more

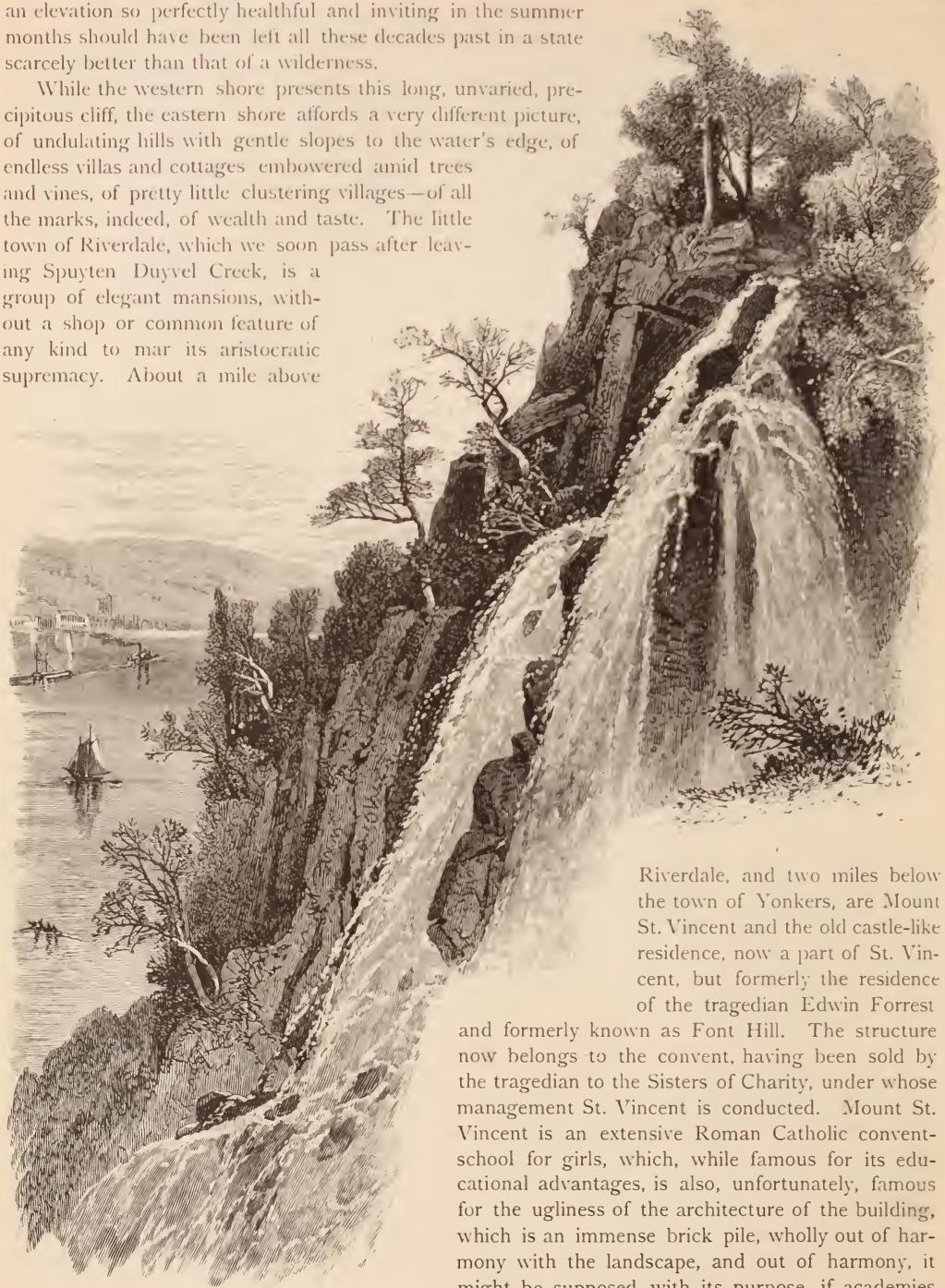


than three-quarters of a mile wide; the top being singularly even, affording a long, narrow table-land, upon which there is a scant growth of trees. But the situation for summer uses is admirable. The ground is high, the air salubrious, and the prospects superb. The opposite shore, for a long distance to the north, affords a varied and charming picture, while below the eye reaches to the far-off metropolis and its crowded bay. The palisade-wall, so apparently uniform, is broken into pinnacles and deep clefts, and all the scene, from a close survey, is full of picturesque variety. One may take long rambles on the level surface, in the pleasant shade of the trees, or sit for hours upon the broken rocks at the edge of the cliff. In one place a fine cascade varies the picture. The "Mountain-House" is only of very recent erection, and those who become its guests can but wonder that so admirable a situation for a summer hotel should have been so long unthought of; just, indeed, as those now erecting villas upon the breezy heights may be puzzled to understand how

Palisade Mountain-House.

an elevation so perfectly healthful and inviting in the summer months should have been left all these decades past in a state scarcely better than that of a wilderness.

While the western shore presents this long, unvaried, precipitous cliff, the eastern shore affords a very different picture, of undulating hills with gentle slopes to the water's edge, of endless villas and cottages embowered amid trees and vines, of pretty little clustering villages—of all the marks, indeed, of wealth and taste. The little town of Riverdale, which we soon pass after leaving Spuyten Duyvel Creek, is a group of elegant mansions, without a shop or common feature of any kind to mar its aristocratic supremacy. About a mile above



Palisade Cascade.

Riverdale, and two miles below the town of Yonkers, are Mount St. Vincent and the old castle-like residence, now a part of St. Vincent, but formerly the residence of the tragedian Edwin Forrest and formerly known as Font Hill. The structure now belongs to the convent, having been sold by the tragedian to the Sisters of Charity, under whose management St. Vincent is conducted. Mount St. Vincent is an extensive Roman Catholic convent-school for girls, which, while famous for its educational advantages, is also, unfortunately, famous for the ugliness of the architecture of the building, which is an immense brick pile, wholly out of harmony with the landscape, and out of harmony, it might be supposed, with its purpose, if academies did not almost invariably deface the landscape in which they are placed. Mount St. Vincent utterly

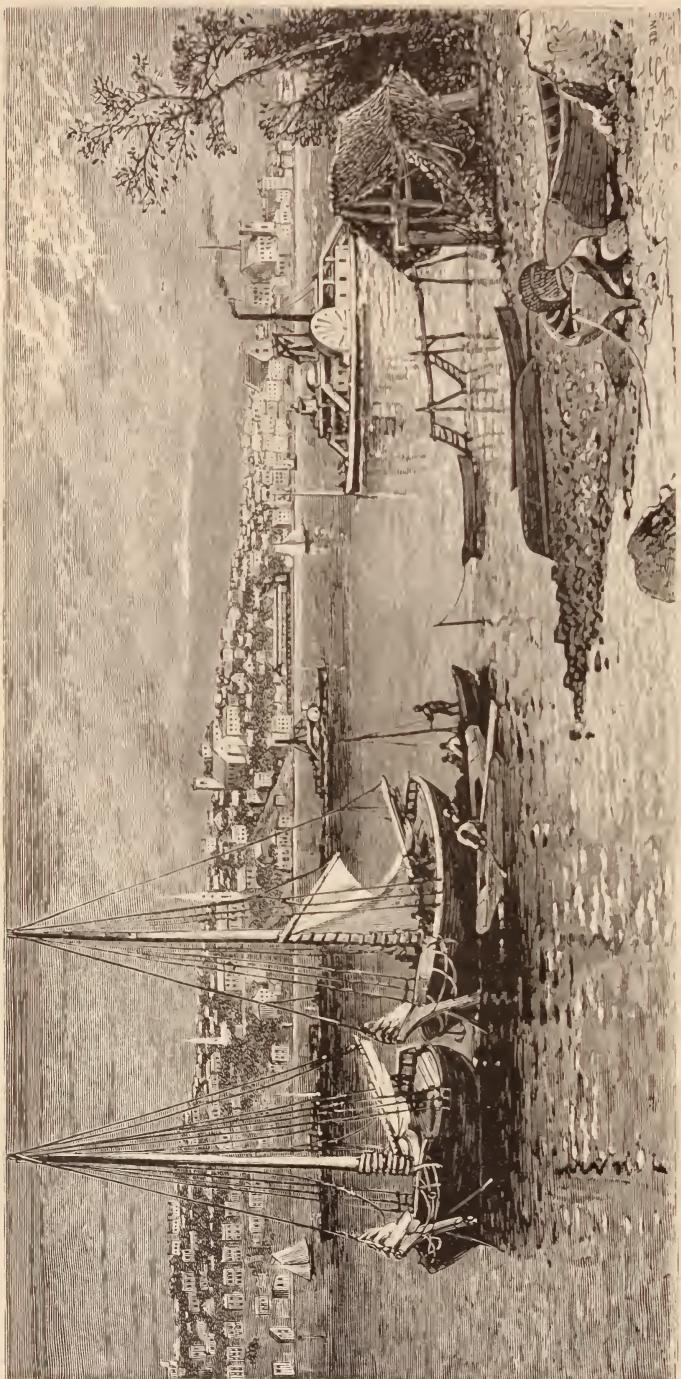
dwarfs Font Hill, which, before the erection of the vast, unhandsome mass behind it, was a striking and interesting feature of the river-shore. Now, if one can manage to shut out from his vision the

mammoth pile behind it, he can get a partial idea of its claims to the picturesque. It must be admitted, however, that a castle on the banks of the Hudson is a piece of sheer affectation. The pile looks very small from the river, and must necessarily disappoint those who associate size and grandeur with the idea of a castle, although one frequently finds abroad castles with no better pretension in the way of extent, however superior may be their claims on the ground of antiquity. Font Hill has six towers, from which very fine views of the Hudson and surrounding country may be obtained. The flag or stair tower is seventy-one feet high.



Mount St. Vincent.

About two miles above Mount St. Vincent, on the same side of the river, and seventeen miles from New York, is Yonkers, the first town of importance above the city. Yonkers is an old Dutch settlement, its name being derived from *Yonkeer*, which, according to Lossing, means young master, or lord, the common appellation for the heir of a Dutch family. Lands were purchased here from the Indians, by some of the Dutch West India Company, as early as the beginning of Peter Stuyvesant's administration of the affairs of New Netherland. There was an Indian village here, named *Nap-pe-chamak*, signifying rapid water, and the name of *Neperah*, derived from this, was applied to the rapid little stream upon which the town is built, now, however, known by the prosaic appellation of Saw-Mill River. Yonkers remained for many years nothing more than a slow and old-fashioned Dutch town, until the opening of the Hudson River Railway, some thirty years ago, when suddenly it sprang into importance, and rapidly became a thriving suburb of the great metropolis. It is now chartered as a city. A very large proportion of its citizens are business-men of New York. It contains many handsome residences, from the grand villa down to the pretty cottage, with not a few imposing churches, and in all particulars is a first-rate specimen of a prosperous American semi-rustic town. For the antiquary, there is one notable attraction, this being the Philipse Manor Hall, a spacious stone edifice, that once belonged to the lords of Philipse Manor. The older portion of this building was erected in 1682; the present front, forming an addition, was built in 1765. The rooms are large and wainscoted, with lofty ceilings. The principal one has some elaborate ornamental work in high-relief. Some of the fireplaces are surrounded with borders of ancient Dutch tiles, and in the grounds there is a well, it is said, with a subterranean passage leading from it, nobody knows to where. It has been recently converted to municipal uses, the city offices being located within its walls. The Manor House was built by Frederick Philipse, who came to New York at the time of Governor Stuyvesant; he secured to himself, by purchase



name to *Paulding* met with little favor from the public, inasmuch as it is intimately associated with events of the Revolution. Near this spot the British gathered after the battle of White Plains, in October, 1776; and here, in 1777, a division of the American army, under General Lincoln, was encamped. At this place is the Livingston Manor-House, identified with many

of the Indians and grants from the government, all the hunting - grounds between Spuyten Duyvel and Croton River, and this vast estate was formally erected into a manor by royal charter, under the style and title of Manor Philipseburg. Two manor-houses were erected, one at Sleepy Hollow, and one upon the present site of Yonkers. Frederick Philipse, the third lord of the manor, endeavored to maintain a strict neutrality during the War of the Revolution, but he was suspected of favoring the royal cause, although Washington staid several nights under his roof. In 1779 the New York Legislature declared him attainted of treason, and confiscated the manor. He went to England in 1783, where two years later he died; and in 1784 the State offered the estate for sale in tracts to suit purchasers.

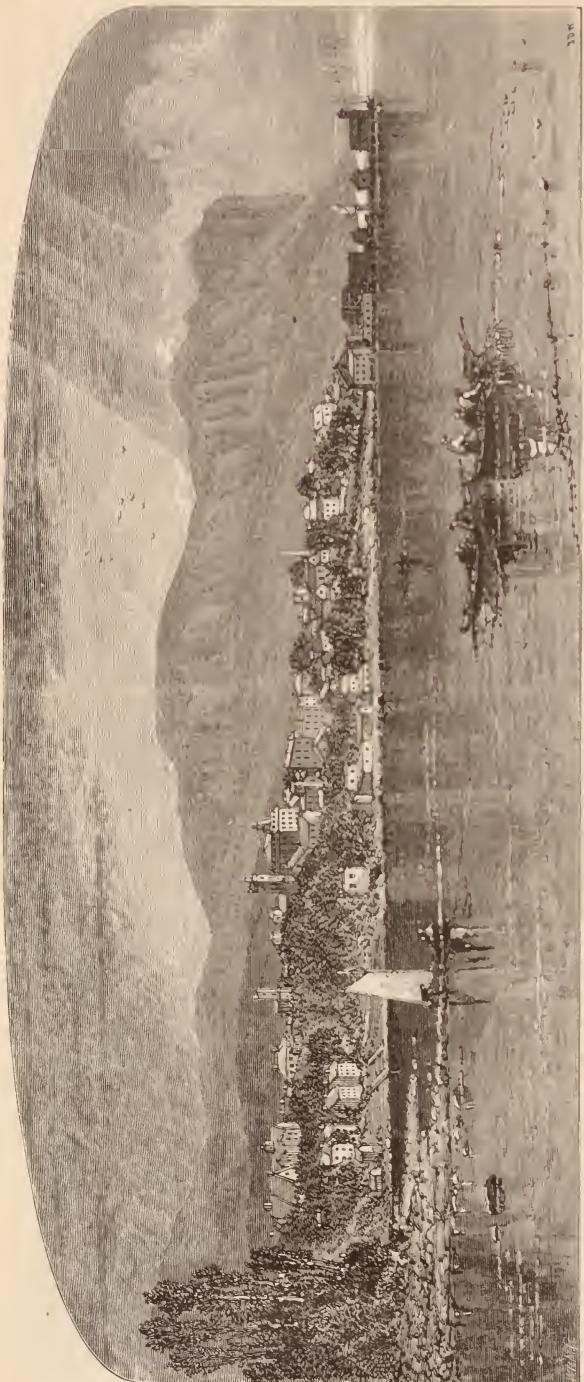
The first town above Yonkers is Hastings (twenty-one miles from New York); but the shore is here so thickly dotted with cottages and villas, that it is not easy to mark the end or note the beginning of a town or village. Hastings is historically noted as the place from which, during the Revolution, the army of Cornwallis, after the fall of Fort Washington, crossed the Hudson in order to attack Fort Lee. About a mile above Hastings is Dobb's Ferry, a town so named after one of its early settlers, who established a ferry here. A recent attempt to change the

events during the Revolution. Washington had his headquarters there; and there, in 1783, George Clinton and Sir Guy Carlton, the British commander, met to confer on the subject of the evacuation of the city of New York by the British forces. Although known as the Livingston Manor-House, this house did not come into the possession of the Livingston family until after the Revolution. It was originally built by a Dutch farmer, who leased it from the lord of the Philipse Manor; the Philipse estate being sequestered by the Government at the close of the war, this farm was purchased by Peter Van Brugh Livingston, with five hundred acres, and it became henceforth known as the Livingston Manor.



Sunnyside.

Nearly opposite Dobb's Ferry, on the western shore, is Piermont, situated just at a point where the Palisades recede from the shore, and at the dividing line between the States of New York and New Jersey. From this point northward both shores of the river lie within the boundaries of the former State. The river here widens into a bay, known as Tappan Zee. Piermont is so named from a pier, about a mile long, that stretches far over the shallow flats that mark this indentation of the bay. Piermont was once the terminus of the Erie Railway, passengers and freight being transmitted from this point to New York by boats. Four miles back of Piermont is the village of Tappan, where André was tried, condemned, and executed. The old house which served as his prison still stands.



Nyack.

Irvington, on the eastern shore, some twenty-four miles from New York, is named after, and noted as the residence of, Washington Irving—the ever-famous Sunnyside, to which devoted lovers of the genial Geoffrey Crayon come like pious pilgrims. The cottage stands near the river, but is hidden to the traveler by the dense growth of trees and shrubbery. It is a stone structure, made up of many gables, the eastern side being embowered in ivy, the earlier slips of which were presented to Irving by Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford. The original house was built by Wolfert Acker, a privy-councilor of Peter Stuyvesant, who had inscribed over the door his favorite Dutch motto, "Lust in Rust" (pleasure in quiet); the house was thence called Wolfert's Rest, which the vulgar corrupted into Wolfert's Roost. It is made the subject of one of Irving's sketches in his book bearing this title.

Glancing now at the opposite side of the river, across the wide and sometimes tempestuous bay known as Tappan Zee, we see the picturesque town of Nyack, lying at the foot of a high range of hills. The recent extension of the Northern Railroad of New Jersey, from Jersey City to this place, has given it a great impetus, but it was always a charming town. The hills that lie behind it are richly wooded, and afford delicious walks and rambles to the denizens. Handsome summer-houses are rapidly springing up on their wooded slopes, from which there are superb views of the river and the distant shore. There is an extensive young ladies' academy situated here.

Nearly opposite Nyack, on the eastern bank, is Tarrytown, twenty-nine miles from New York. The quaint designation of this place naturally suggests the question as to its meaning. Washington Irving tells us that the name was given in former times by the good housewives of the neighboring country,

in consequence of the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village taverns on market-days, but it would seem that the Dutch called it *Terwen Dorp*, or Wheat Town, because of the abundance of that cereal on the hills and valleys around; and the English, retaining a part of the Dutch name, called it *Terwen Town*, from which, by easy declensions, came the modern

pronunciation of Tarrytown. Not many years ago, Tarrytown was nothing more than a small settlement on the river border, with its single wharf, to which sloops came from New York to deliver and receive merchandise, and where the farmers gathered from the interior with their products. It is now a place of elegance, and the hills that overlook it are adorned with numerous beautiful villas, surrounded by gardens and lawns. Many of these elegant places are owned by citizens of New York. The shores of the Hudson, indeed, for many miles, are little more than a beautiful suburb of the metropolis. We are now viewing these shores and the towns from the deck of a steamer; but no one can fully appreciate the charms of this river who does not explore all the varied and picturesque places that abound upon it; who does not ascend the hills, note all the elegance and cultivation that wealth and taste have lavished upon them, and get varied pictures of the river itself, as it flows beneath him, covered with white sails, and the many forms of picturesque boats that adorn its surface. In its craft, the Hudson has attractions much greater than those of other rivers. The Rhine is vacant and dull in this particular. Our Western rivers have little more than steamboats and a few rafts. On the Hudson there are grand steamboats, brilliant, bird-like yachts, great, broad-sailed sloops, groups of square barges, and vast fleets of canal-boats in tow; the variety and the number are so great that the scene is at all times animated by them.

Upon a promontory, just below Tarrytown, is the Paulding Manor, the residence of Philip R. Paulding, Esq., and one of the finest specimens of the pointed Tudor style of architecture in the country. Its situation renders it one of the most conspicuous dwellings on the river in this vicinity.

Tarrytown, like all this region, is historically identified with the romantic story of Arnold and André.



Tarrytown.

It was upon a spot now within the town that André was arrested, while returning to the British lines, after a visit to Arnold; and at Greenburg, three miles east of the town, a monument has been erected, commemorating the event, upon which the inscription gives the date of the capture, the names of the three patriots—Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart—who, resisting all bribes, seized the unhappy André, and thereby saved their country.

Another great interest that Tarrytown possesses is in its identification with Washington Irving. Sunnyside is so near Tarrytown, that that renowned author always attended Christ Church at the latter place; of this church he was warden at the time of his death; and upon its walls a handsome tablet has been erected to his memory.



Old Dutch Church, Sleepy Hollow.

But a greater interest attaches to the quaint old church at Sleepy Hollow. "Not far from Tarrytown," Irving has written, "there is a little valley, or rather a lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur



Old Bridge, Sleepy Hollow.

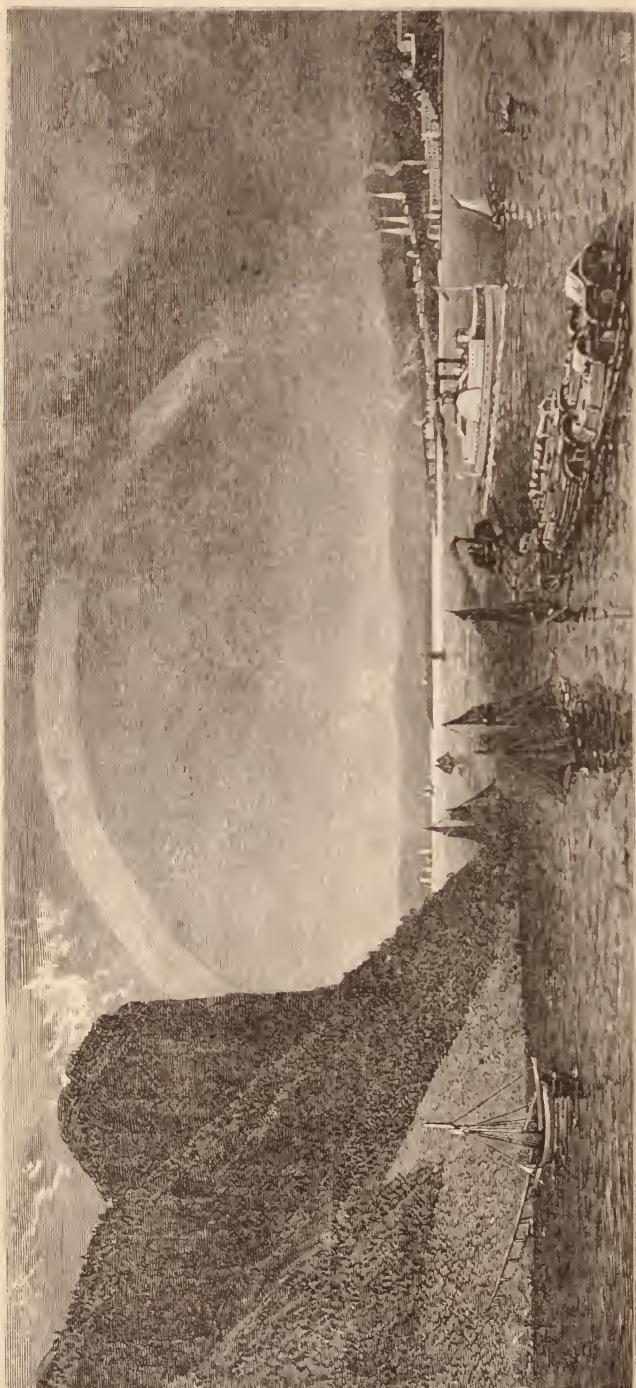
enough to lull one to repose ; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley."

At the opening of the Hollow, by the side of a winding lane, stands the ancient Dutch church, which dates back to the year 1699, and is the oldest religious edifice

in the State. It is an old and quaint little building, with a tiny spire inclosing a bell, on which is inscribed in Latin, "If God be with us, who can be against us?" Close by there is a cemetery, in which the remains of Irving are buried.

It is only a short distance to the old bridge, made famous by Irving in his legend of Ichabod Crane. As we walk over it, how many delightful memories are revived ! We laugh again at the escapade of the school-master, with his "soft and foolish heart toward the sex," and withal we cannot help liking his rival in love for Katrina—the stalwart and muscular Brom Bones. "Once upon a time," the legend goes, "Ichabod taught the Dutch urchins the three elementary *R*'s, and at the same time paid court to the fair Katrina, who was the daughter of old farmer Van Tassel. Brom Van Brunt, nicknamed Brom Bones, loved the same maiden, and resolved to drive the school-master from the village. One dark night Ichabod started home from the Van Tassel house in very low spirits. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson ; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. . . .

"Now, a belief was extant in a spectre called the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow, supposed to be the spirit of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried off by a cannon-ball. Near the old church this horrid ghost made its appearance in pursuit of Ichabod, who was bestride an inflexible



Palisades, above Nyack, with Distant View of Sing Sing.

horse named Gunpowder. The terrified school-master made all haste to reach the old bridge, passing which he would be beyond the power of his pursuer. He spurred old Gunpowder forward, but looking back he beheld the spectre close behind him, and in the very act of hurling its head at him. The crash came; Ichabod rolled to the ground, and the spectre and Gunpowder rushed past him in a whirlwind. A shattered pumpkin was found in the road next day, and not long afterward Brom Bones led Katrina to the altar, but Ichabod was never seen or heard of again."

Describing the old church here, Lossing says: "Let us climb over the stile by the corner of the old church into the yard where so many pilgrims of the earth are sleeping. Here are many stones, with half-obliterated epitaphs, marking the graves of many early settlers. . . . Let us pass up this narrow, winding path, and cross this almost invisible boundary between the old 'graveyard' and the new 'cemetery.' Here, well up toward the summit of the hill, near the 'receiving-vault,' upon a beautiful sunny slope, is an inclosure made of iron bars and privet hedge, with open gate, inviting entrance. Here in line stand several slabs of white marble, only two feet in height, at the head of as many oblong hillocks, covered with turf and budding spring flowers. Upon one of these, near the centre, we read:

WASHINGTON,

Son of

WILLIAM AND SARAH S. IRVING,

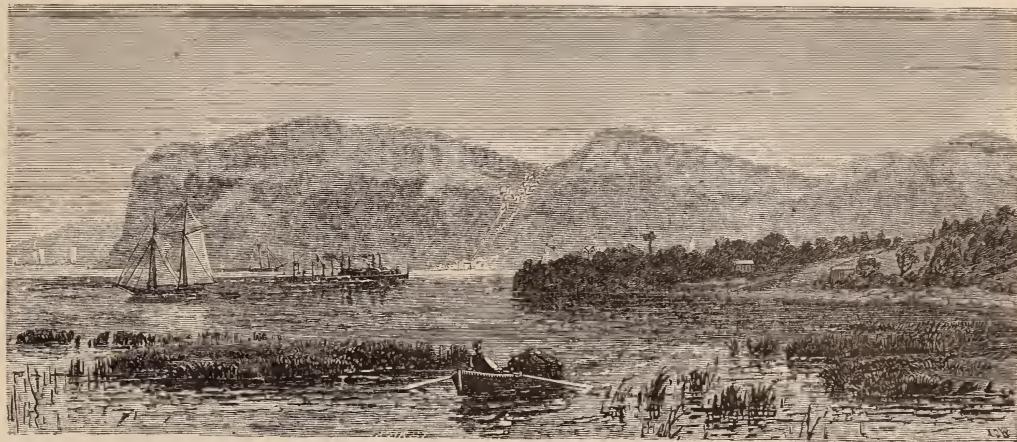
Died Nov. 28, 1859.

Aged 76 years, 7 months, and 28 days.

This is the grave of the immortal Geoffrey Crayon. Upon it

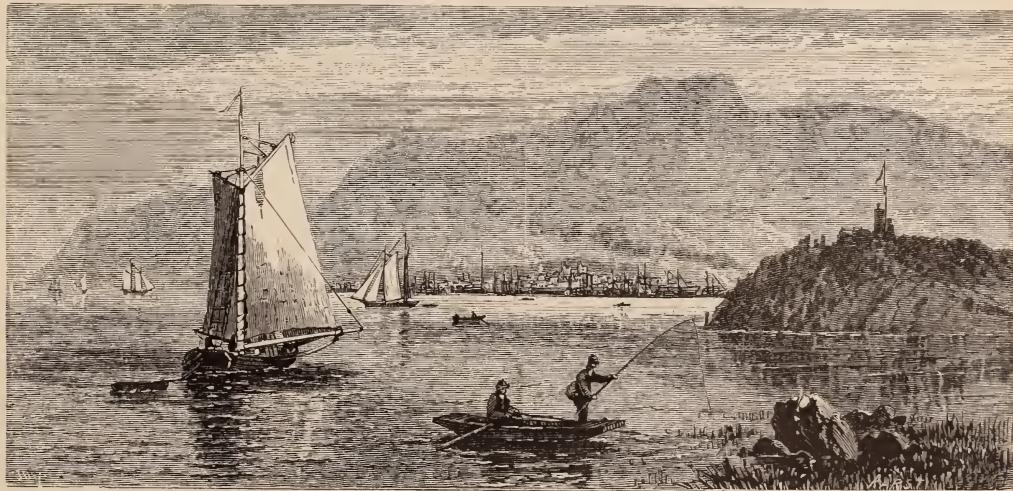
lie wreaths of withered flowers, which have been killed by frosts, and buried by drifts of lately-departed snow. These will not long remain, for all summer fresh and fragrant ones are laid upon that honored grave by fair hands that pluck them from many a neighboring garden. . . . This lonely burial-spot,

from which may be seen Sleepy Hollow, the ancient church, the sparkling waters of the *Po-can-te-co*, spreading out into a little lake above the picturesque old dam at the mill of Carter Philipse, Sleepy Hollow Haven, Tappan Bay, and all its beautiful surroundings, was chosen long ago by the illustrious author of the 'Sketch-Book' as his final resting-place."



Croton Point.

Just above Nyack, on the western shore, the long ridge of trap-rock called the Palisades, which at Piermont recedes from the shore, comes down again to the river-edge, and forms a high and abrupt cliff, which bears the name of Verdrietigh Hook, or Point-no-Point. The famous Rockland Lake, from which comes the greater portion of the ice used in New York, lies embosomed in the hills, about a mile



Stony Point and Haverstraw Bay, from above.

distant. It is, probably, the largest ice-market in the world; a thousand men are employed in winter-time in cutting and storing the ice, some two hundred thousand tons being the annual supply.

We now rapidly approach Sing Sing, thirty-three miles from New York. The peculiar name of this place is derived from the Indian name *Ossining*, meaning "stone upon stone." It is a name world-

renowned, but this universal fame is not due to the beauty of the town, or to any great historical incident connected with the history of the place; it is because here are gathered, in a stone palace, a good many dangerous and a few notorious persons. The State-prison is certainly elegantly situated, but whether all the beauties of the surroundings will compensate for an enforced residence there, we will leave to those who have tested the matter to decide. One can see the long, white stone buildings, glittering in the sun, and his imagination can scarcely fail to picture the sad scenes within their walls. This prison was founded in 1826. The building has been erected by the convicts, of stone quarried on the spot. The main prison is four hundred and eighty-four feet long, and has twelve hundred cells, with an iron-foundry, and manufactories of shoes, whips, saddles, furniture, etc., in which convict-labor is employed. The female prison stands to the east, on higher ground; it is built of marble, has one hundred and eight cells, and the prisoners are employed in making clothing.

About four miles above Sing Sing is Croton Point, a tongue of land projecting into the river, and covered with rich vineyards and orchards. The famous Croton grapes, from the vineyards of Dr. Underhill, come from this place. At this point Croton River enters the Hudson. About six miles up the river is Croton Lake, formed by a dam two hundred and fifty feet long, forty feet high, and twenty feet thick at the bottom. From this lake New York City derives its supply of water, which is conducted from the lake by an aqueduct over forty miles long, by sixteen tunnels and over twenty-four bridges. There are ventilators at every mile, consisting of white-stone towers, about fifteen feet in height. From forty to fifty million gallons pour into the aqueduct from the lake every twenty-four hours. The ancient name of the Croton was *Kitch-a-wan*, signifying "a large and swift current," but the Dutch called it Croton, in memory of an Indian sachem of that name. The sources of the river are among the hills of Putnam and Dutchess Counties.

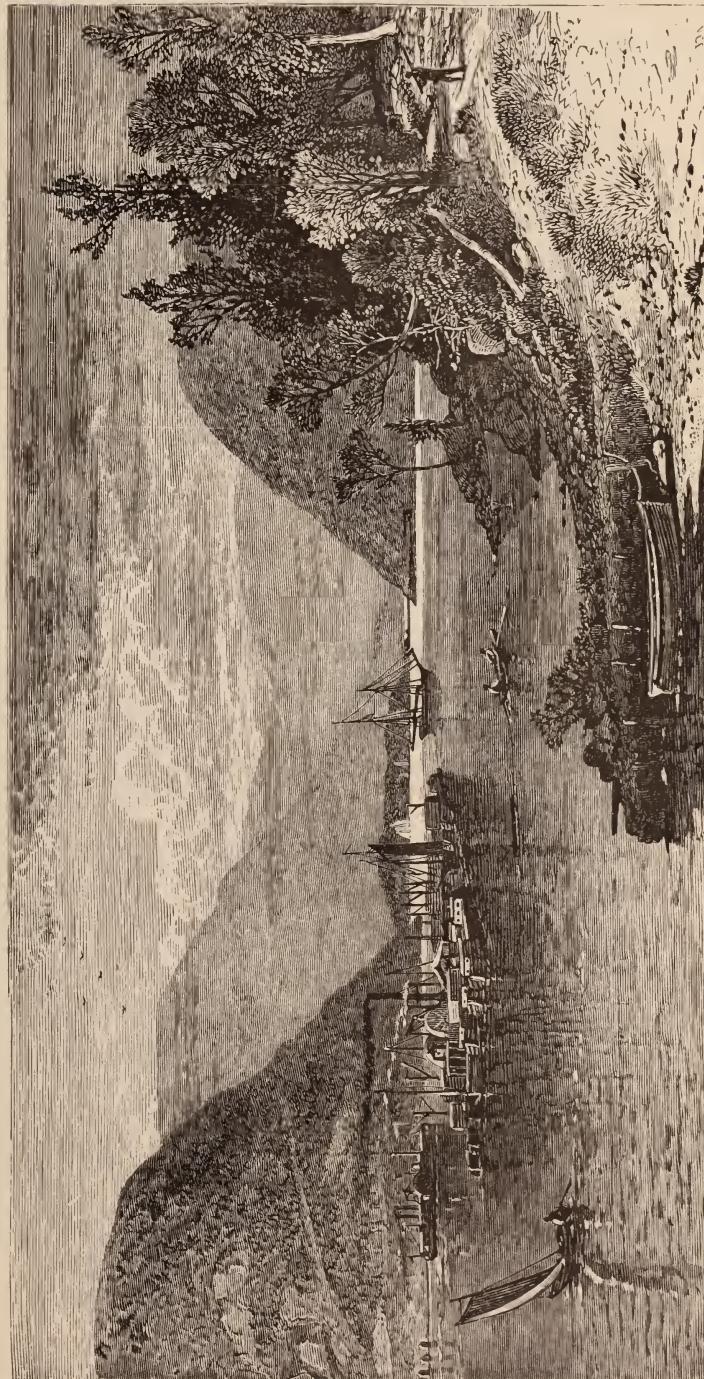
Croton Point separates Tappan Zee, or Bay, from Haverstraw Bay. Standing on the extremity of Croton Point, one may obtain a full view of the river. Some distance below Verdrietigh Hook is seen with great distinctness, and above a glimpse may be obtained of the Highlands, though their bases are hidden by the intervening foot-hills. The small town in Haverstraw Bay, on the western shore, is Haverstraw itself, and with the aid of a good telescope one may pick out Treason Hill, the site of the house of Joshua



Peekskill, from the Point of Land below.

Hett Smith, in which André arranged with Arnold for the surrender of the garrison at West Point. The house is built of stone, and has two broad balconies in front. Less than a mile above Haverstraw is a line of limestone-cliffs, which appear very white indeed in the sunshine. They are about half a mile in length, and produce a million bushels of lime every year.

Verplanck's Point, on the eastern shore, and Stony Point, mark the upper end of Haverstraw Bay. Stony Point is on the west side of the river—a bold, rocky eminence, with a light-house on its summit. During the Revolutionary War, it was the site of a fort, which was captured by the British on June 1, 1779. The loss was a severe blow to the Americans, and General Anthony Wayne was instructed to recover it if possible. At midnight, on July 15th, he led two columns of picked men to the assault. They advanced undiscovered, until they were close upon the British picket-guard, when an alarm was given, and a raking fire opened upon them. Nothing daunted, "Mad Anthony," as the general was called, led his men forward, and within half an hour after the first shot the fort and the entire garrison were captured. The next morning a cannonade was opened upon Fort Lafayette, situated on Verplanck's Point and held by the British; but the number of the Americans was so small that they could not even hold Stony Point, and were soon compelled to abandon it.



Entrance to the Highlands.

The steamer now safely rounds these two points, and emerges at Peekskill, forty-three miles from New York. This town stands at the mouth of a creek, upon a broad bay, and is named after a Dutch navigator, Jan Peek, who, according to popular tradition, in ascending the river, mistook this creek for the main stream, but who became so enamored of the fertile hills that he settled there, and named the



Iona Island and "Anthony's Nose."

creek Peek's Kill. Peekskill was the headquarters of General Putnam at one time during the Revolutionary War; and here he hanged the British spy, Palmer, an event specially remembered on account of the famous curt reply of "Old Put" to the British officer who interposed in Palmer's behalf: "Edward Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy, lurking within our lines. He



has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy." In this vicinity is the Van Cortlandt Manor-House, an object of interest as the ancient seat of an old family, and as at one period during the Revolution the temporary residence of Washington. Opposite Peekskill, on the western bank, is Caldwell's Landing, shadowed by the cliff of Dunderberg. Between this place and Peekskill there is a regular ferry. Here a futile but extensive search for Captain Kidd's treasure was once made. On the strength of a cannon fished from the water, an audacious adventurer proclaimed that Kidd's piratical vessel had foundered in a storm on this spot, with untold treasures on board, and that the vessel had been penetrated with a very long auger, which had brought up pieces of silver in its thread. A stock-company was formed; shares were readily sold; and a coffer-dam, with powerful steam-engines, was built over the supposed resting-place of the ship. Of course this was a disastrous failure, and some of the stockholders, no doubt, gained a little wisdom by their costly experience.

View from Fort Montgomery.

We are now entering the Highlands, which, from this point to Newburg, a distance of seventeen miles, is unsurpassed by any river-scenery in the world. To our left is Dunderberg, or Thunder Mountain, whose steep sides are perpetually invoking gusts of wind and rain on its rugged and bold crest. As the legend goes, it is the home of a boisterous little Dutch goblin, in trunk-hose and sugar-loaf hat, for an account of whom we must turn again to Irving: "The captains of river-craft declare that they have heard him, in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving orders in Low Dutch for the



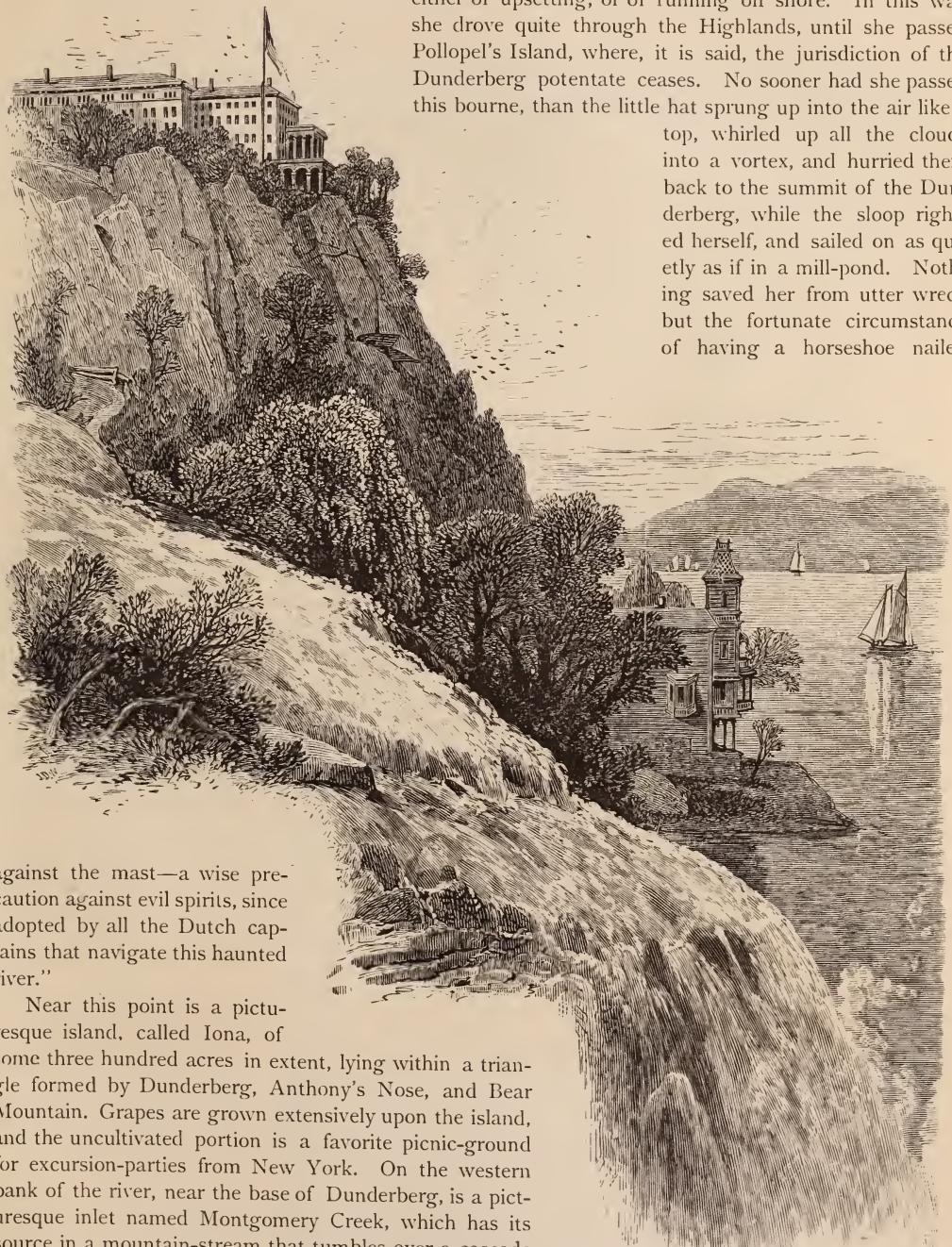
Sugar-Loaf Mountain.—A Storm in the Highlands.

piping up of a fresh gust of wind, or the rattling off of another thunder-clap; that sometimes he has been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps, in broad breeches and short doublets, tumbling head-over-heels in the rack and mist, and playing a thousand gambols in the air, or buzzing like a swarm of flies about Anthony's Nose; and that, at such times, the hurry-scurry of the storm was always the greatest. One time a sloop, in passing by the Dunderberg, was overtaken by a thunder-gust that came scouring round the mountain, and seemed to burst just over the vessel. Though tight and well ballasted, she labored dreadfully, and the water came over the gunwale. All the crew were amazed, when it was discovered that there was a little white sugar-loaf hat on the mast-head, known at once to

be the hat of the Head of the Dunderberg. Nobody, however, dared to climb to the masthead and get rid of this terrible hat. The sloop continued laboring and rocking, as if she would have rolled her

mast overboard; and she seemed in continual danger, either of upsetting, or of running on shore. In this way she drove quite through the Highlands, until she passed Pollopel's Island, where, it is said, the jurisdiction of the Dunderberg potentate ceases. No sooner had she passed this bourne, than the little hat sprung up into the air like a

top, whirled up all the clouds into a vortex, and hurried them back to the summit of the Dunderberg, while the sloop righted herself, and sailed on as quietly as if in a mill-pond. Nothing saved her from utter wreck but the fortunate circumstance of having a horseshoe nailed



against the mast—a wise precaution against evil spirits, since adopted by all the Dutch captains that navigate this haunted river."

Near this point is a picturesque island, called Iona, of some three hundred acres in extent, lying within a triangle formed by Dunderberg, Anthony's Nose, and Bear Mountain. Grapes are grown extensively upon the island, and the uncultivated portion is a favorite picnic-ground for excursion-parties from New York. On the western bank of the river, near the base of Dunderberg, is a picturesque inlet named Montgomery Creek, which has its source in a mountain-stream that tumbles over a cascade about half a mile from its mouth. Fort Montgomery and Fort Clinton stood on each side, their guns commanding a wide range. They were constructed at the beginning of

Cozzens's Hotel and Buttermilk Falls, West Point.

the Revolutionary War, and played important parts during the autumn of 1777.

Looking across the river from the former, Anthony's Nose appears—a bold promontory, over twelve hundred feet high. It is massive in form, sharp in outline, and has no peculiar likeness to the feature after which it is named; but it is the subject of one of the legends recorded by Irving, which add so much to the pleasure of the traveler. Be it known, then, that the nose of Anthony, Governor Stuyvesant's trumpeter, was decked with the true regalia of a king of good fellows. "Now it happened that, bright and early in the morning, the good Anthony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter-railing of his galley, contemplating it in the glassy wave below. Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendor from behind a high bluff of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the resplendent nose of the sounder of brass—the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing-hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel. This huge monster being, with infinite labor, hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all the crew, being accounted of excellent flavor, excepting about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone; and this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by Christian people. When this astonishing miracle became known to Peter Stuyvesant, he, as may well be supposed, marveled exceedingly; and, as a monument thereof, he gave the name of

Anthony's Nose to a stout promontory in the neighborhood, and it has continued to be called Anthony's Nose ever since that time." This mountain is tunneled at the river-edge, for the Hudson River Railway.

From Fort Montgomery, across the river to Anthony's Nose, a heavy boom, at the time of the Revolution, formed of an immense iron chain on timber-floats, extended. This, it was thought, would effectually prevent the ascent of a hostile fleet to West Point; while the two forts, which were commanded by the brothers, Generals George and James Clinton, were thought to be impregnable on the land-side. On October 6, 1777, Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander, sent a strong detachment over the Dunderberg to attack the two forts in the rear. A preconcerted demonstration on the east side of



West Point Lighthouse.

the river induced General Putnam to believe that the attack would be made on Fort Independence, near Peekskill, and he accordingly withdrew part of the garrison at Fort Montgomery to strengthen the former. Approaching Fort Montgomery, the British had a sharp skirmish with an American detachment at Lake Sinnipink, which is still known as Bloody Pond, and then advanced toward the two forts. The garrisons fought desperately till evening, when it became evident that they could not hold out, and they retreated in good order, after losing, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, about three hundred. The British loss was about one hundred and forty.

The river now bends to the northeast. On the right is the symmetrical cone of Sugar-Loaf Mountain. Sudden and fierce thunder-storms are common here amid these mountains, and our artist has illustrated a scene of the kind, one similar to which the traveler is quite likely to witness.

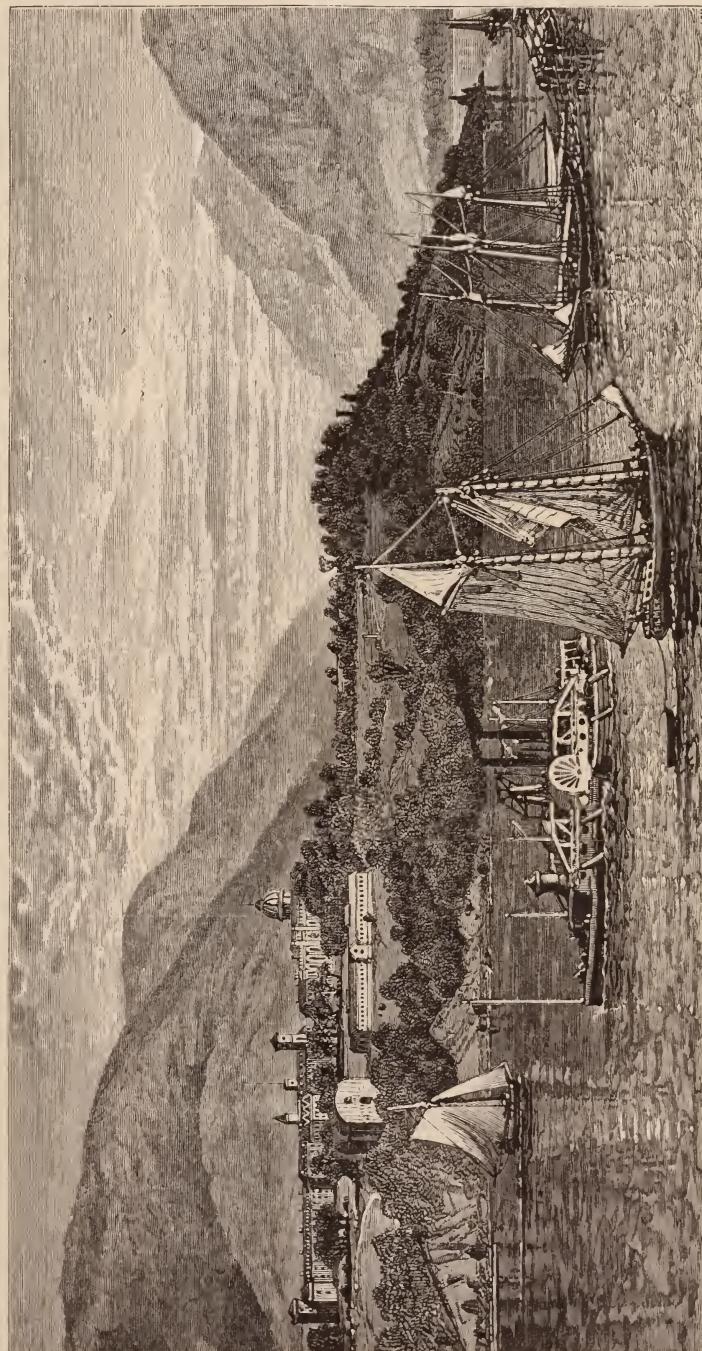
At the foot of Sugar-Loaf Mountain, on the eastern shore, is a small cove, with a stone wharf and a few small buildings. This is Beverley Dock, and near it is Beverley House, both identified with our history; for it was at this house that General Arnold was breakfasting with Colonel Beverley Robinson

when news came to him of the arrest of André, and it was from the wharf near at hand that he hastily made his escape to the English vessel, the *Vulture*, anchored in the stream below. Washington arrived at the Beverley House soon after Arnold's flight, from which point he crossed to West Point, expecting to find Arnold there; and soon thereafter came the dreadful disclosure of the world-known treason.

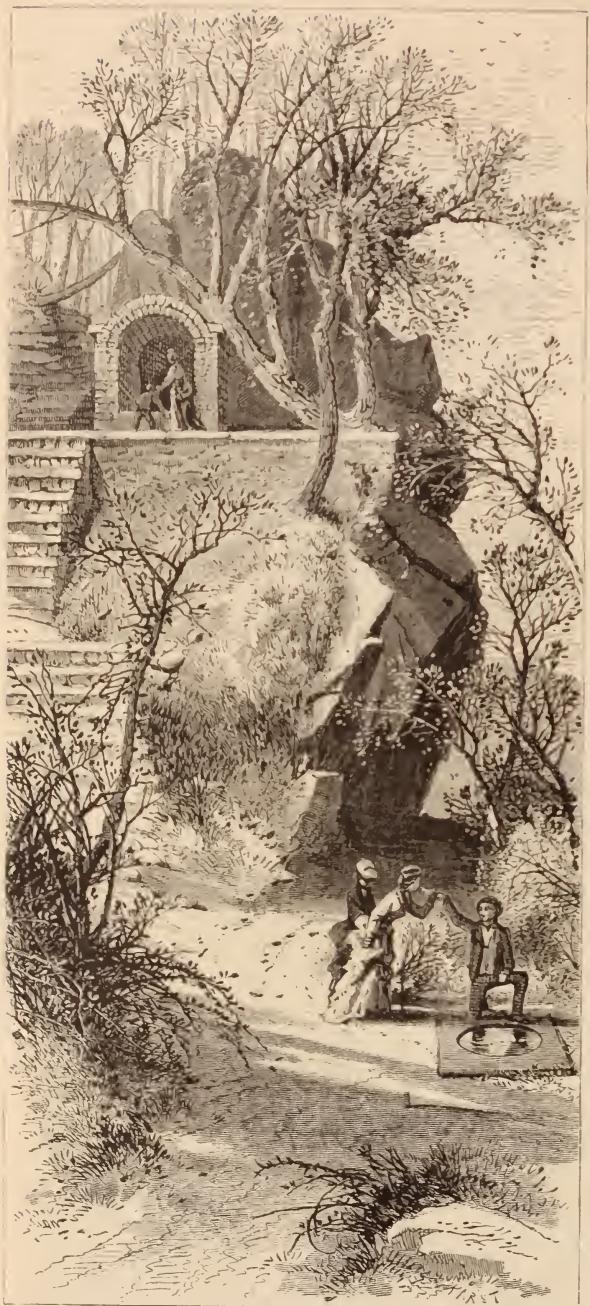
The remains of Fort Putnam, of Revolutionary fame, may now be seen on the heights above West Point, and presently we see Butter-milk Falls (on the left), which at times is a fine cascade, tumbling over inclined ledges a distance of a hundred feet, but which is apt in the summer heats to dwindle to a comparatively narrow stream of water. Above them, on the high cliffs, stands Cozzens's Hotel, a famous summer resort. There is a special landing for passengers who wish to reach the hotel.

We are now at West Point (fifty-one miles from New York), the world-known great Military Academy.

West Point in summer is the theatre of an endless round of harmless dissipations. Distinguished visitors, Congressmen, senators, and ambassadors, crowd in, and, with a tribe of less-noted people, fill to overflow several fashionable hotels and boarding-houses. A very prominent element consists of young ladies, of course —how could dissipation be harmless without them?—and the life of the cadets at the Military Academy is enlivened with innumerable picnics and evening parties. As we approach,



West Point.



Kosciusko's Garden, West Point.

Peekskill were destroyed by Sir Henry Clinton, another contrivance of the same kind was placed at West Point. An additional fort was also built, and was called Fort Arnold, together with several extensive water-batteries.

The garrison was successively commanded by McDougall, Heath, Howe, Arnold, and Knox. General Knox remained in command until 1785, when he was appointed Secretary of War. In 1787-'88

the landing is crowded with persons and vehicles that have come to meet us. Bright parasols and dainty bonnets blossom in reflections on the water, and peals of merry laughter ring in our ears.

Love at the first sight is epidemic at West Point in June and July. Tender-hearted damsels fresh from the boarding-school, and ardent cadets, whose sober gray uniform is completely opposite to the warmth of their feelings, wander through the shady lanes, plighting everlasting troth, and quite forgetting the awful fact that a cruel fate may impend in papa and mamma. There are romantic nooks, arbors, grottos, and quiet lanes, overarched with intertwining foliage, all that a lover could desire. But of these more anon. For the present we must occupy ourselves with a sketch of the Military Academy, which in resources and results is not excelled by any similar institution in the world.

The neighboring country, for a distance of thirty by forty square miles, was originally granted by Governor Fletcher, of New York, to Captain John Evans, of the Royal Artillery, and was known as Evans's Patent. Evans's Patent was vacated by an act of the Provincial Legislature in 1699, and the heirs of the new proprietors of the land disposed of 2,105 acres to the United States in 1826. Until the War for Independence, says Lossing, to whom we must acknowledge our indebtedness for many valuable historic facts, there appears to have been no dwelling or settler on the tract excepting such as was necessary to secure the patent. But in May, 1775, it was resolved to establish a military post in the Highlands, and fortifications were built at several points, including Forts Clinton and Montgomery.

As we have already seen, these were of good service, and when the boom and chain stretching across the river above

the redoubts were dismantled, the other buildings sold, and thus ended the occupation of West Point as a garrisoned post.

The scheme of a training-school for soldiers had already been mooted in Congress, but it was not until 1812 that an act was passed authorizing the establishment of the Military Academy on its present broad foundations, and since then there has been a steady improvement in its organization and appointments.

A picturesque road leads from the landing to the grounds, and, arrived there, visitors are allowed to ramble through the massive buildings and beautiful avenues at will. The Cadets' Barracks is the most imposing structure. It is of stone, castellated in the style of the ancient Tudors, and it contains 176 rooms, of which 136 are cadets' quarters. Each room is small, and very plainly furnished, the same principles being adopted here as at the Annapolis Naval Academy. No luxuries are permitted, and the students are trained to endure all the rigors of the active military life for which they are preparing.

Two persons are assigned to each room, and the entire furniture consists of two iron bedsteads, chairs, tables, and a few other necessary articles. The cadet is not allowed to have a waiter, a horse, or dog, but is required to make his own bed and keep his quarters tidy. He is aroused at five o'clock in the morning by the gun. At half-past five his room must be in order, bedding folded, and wash-bowl inverted. Woe betide him if he is dilatory! He is visited by a superior, who reports his delinquency, or, as he would more vividly say, "skins" him. From half-past five until seven he is supposed to be occupied by studies, when twenty-five minutes are allowed him for breakfast; then half an hour for recreation, and then five hours for recitations, class-parades, and other duties. The time between noon and two P. M. is allowed for dinner and recreation. Work is over at four o'clock, and the rest of the day is occupied by amusements and dress-parades. Lights are extinguished in quarters at ten, and the embryo soldier is supposed to go to sleep.

Sometimes he does so, and sometimes he does not. The wilder spirits are known to occasionally indulge in what they call the "midnight hash."



Flirtation Walk, West Point, by Moonlight.



View at West Point, north from the Artillery-Grounds.

Stealing silently from their quarters, one by one, they assemble in the apartment of a comrade, darken the windows and light the gas. Meat, potatoes, pepper, salt, bread, and butter, are mysteriously produced, and a hash is mixed in the wash-basin. A hidden gas-stove is brought out of the chimney, and



West Point from Fort Putnam.

the viands are cooked and eaten. If nothing disturbs, pipes and "flowing bowls" follow, but, if the lightest footstep is heard, the guests decamp, leaving their host responsible for all the confusion.

The class-rooms are located in a stone building three stories high, and include a chemical laboratory, gymnasium, artillery model-room, mathematical model-room, picture-gallery, and gallery of sculpture. The Mess Hall is another building of beautiful proportions, one hundred and seventy feet in length and sixty-two in depth. There are also an observatory and library, which in style and material resemble the barracks, and a little to the west of these is the chapel, which was built in 1836. It contains a fine painting

over the chancel, and trophies taken from the British and the Mexicans. Upon the walls are several black-marble tablets, bearing the names in gilt letters of the generals of the Revolution. Benedict Arnold's, however, has only the words "MAJOR-GENERAL —, BORN 1740," with furrows in the stone, as if the inscription had been cut out. The Administration Building, south of the chapel, contains the offices of the superintendent, treasurer, and others.

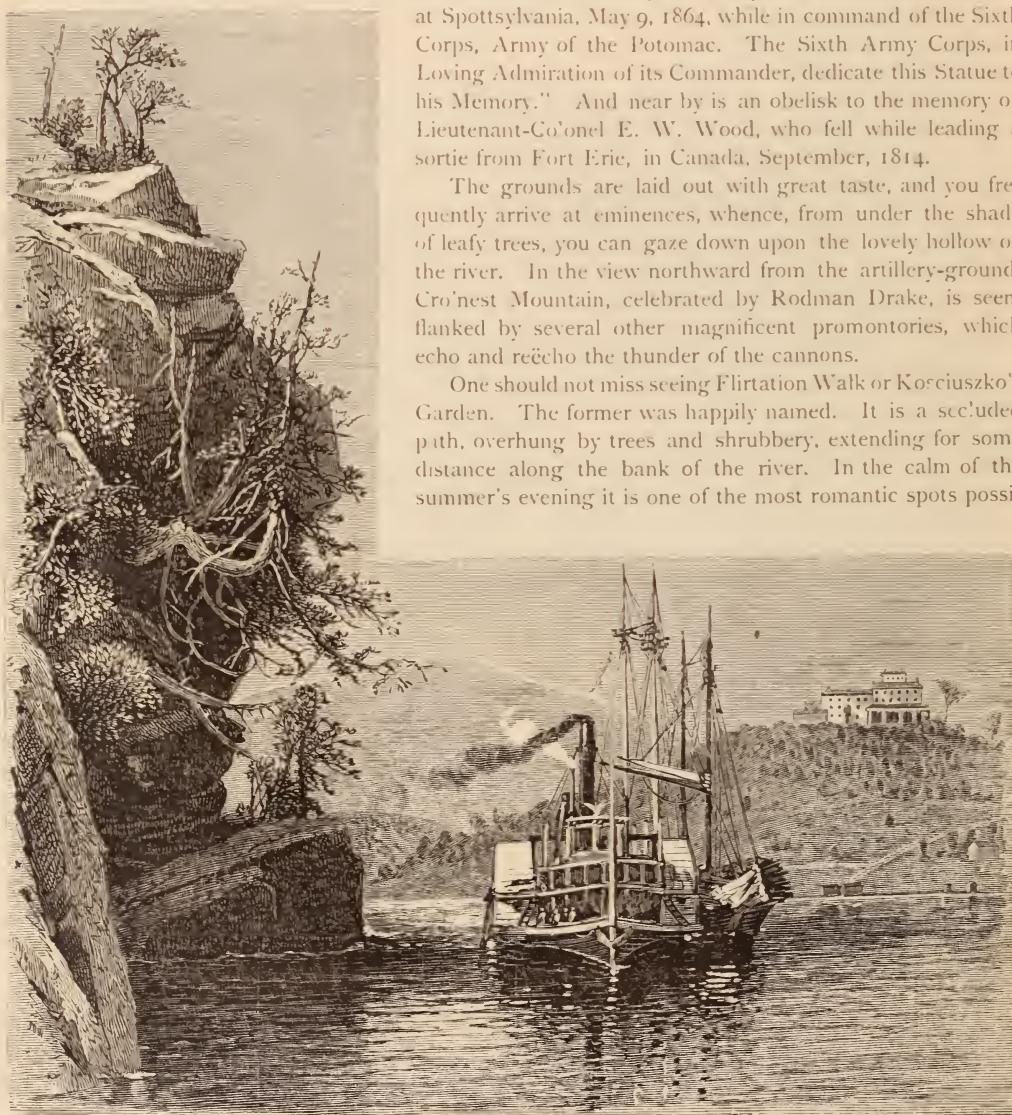
Each step the visitor now takes will bring him into the presence of some interesting object. On a pleasant sward he will find several sections of the great chain which was thrown across the river on a boom. The links are two and a quarter inches broad, and about two feet long. They surround the brass mortars which were taken from General Burgoyne at Saratoga.

A winding road leads to the cemetery, which contains several exceedingly handsome monuments. Most notable is that erected by the cadets to their comrade, Vincent M. Lowe, who was killed by the accidental discharge of a cannon in 1817. The names of several other deceased officers and cadets are inscribed upon it, and it is known as the "Cadets' Monument." The remains of General Winfield Scott rest in a massive sarcophagus recently erected, not far from the graves of Brigadier-General Bowers and General Robert Anderson.

A short distance from "Officers' Row" is a bronze statue of General Sedgwick, on a granite pedestal, bearing the following inscription: "Major-General JOHN SEDGWICK, U. S. Volunteers, Colonel 4th Cavalry, U. S. Army, born Sept. 13, 1813, killed in Battle at Spottsylvania, May 9, 1864, while in command of the Sixth Corps, Army of the Potomac. The Sixth Army Corps, in Loving Admiration of its Commander, dedicate this Statue to his Memory." And near by is an obelisk to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel E. W. Wood, who fell while leading a sortie from Fort Erie, in Canada, September, 1814.

The grounds are laid out with great taste, and you frequently arrive at eminences, whence, from under the shade of leafy trees, you can gaze down upon the lovely hollow of the river. In the view northward from the artillery-ground, Cro'nest Mountain, celebrated by Rodman Drake, is seen, flanked by several other magnificent promontories, which echo and réécho the thunder of the cannons.

One should not miss seeing Flirtation Walk or Kosciuszko's Garden. The former was happily named. It is a secluded path, overhung by trees and shrubbery, extending for some distance along the bank of the river. In the calm of the summer's evening it is one of the most romantic spots possi-



West Point Hotel from Constitution Island.

ble, and is a favorite promenade with the cadets and their fair guests. Mr. Woodward, our artist, sketched it on a moonlight night, and has succeeded in preserving the spirit of romance which attaches to it.

The walk leads to another monument, composed of a fluted column, surmounted by an eagle, and standing on a pedestal, with a cannon at each corner. It commemorates the bravery of a detachment of United States troops, under Major Francis L. Dade, in a battle with Seminole Indians in Florida, December, 1835, when one hundred and five men, out of one hundred and eight in the command, were slaughtered.

Kosciuszko's Garden is near the monument. It is said to have been the spot which the eminent Pole, who was intimately associated with West Point, sought in his hours of meditation. A fountain bubbles into a marble basin, fronting which are some picturesque rocks bearing Kosciuszko's name.

Many happy days may be spent at West Point. The country for miles around abounds in picturesque scenery of every kind—cascades rushing beneath arching leaves; glens in primitive solitude; mountains whose peaks are sentinels of the fairest landscapes, and winding brooks rimmed with fragile ferns and mosses. We have not attempted to give elaborate and detailed descriptions, for the reason that the artist's sketches are vivid, and better convey an idea of the scenery to the reader. The changing effects of light and shadow, storm and calm, sunrise and sunset, are beyond the capacity of other pen than a poet's. But this much we may say, that in all that gratifies a lover of Nature, whatever his mood may be, and in that sentiment of repose which is sometimes said to be of rare occurrence in America, the scenery around West Point is unequalled. The sportsman, the fashionable idler, the holiday tourist, and the lover of Nature, meet on common ground, and each finds the object that affords him amusement or inspiration.

A boatman, at the landing, will ferry you for a small sum to Beverley Dock, on the eastern side of the river, and



Under the Cliff of Cro'nest.

thence you can find your way to Indian Falls, a wild, crystal stream that flows down a neighboring mountain-side, and forms a fine cascade. It is sheltered by abundant foliage, and where it plunges over the rocky edge it has a very romantic appearance. Here is a cool retreat, where the tourist may bring his book, and read undisturbed for hours.

Rowing back to West Point again, and ascending the hill to the plain on which the Academy buildings stand, you will see an eminence which is conspicuous from all parts of the Highlands. It commands a superb view of the surrounding country, including the Storm King, Cro'nest, and Breakneck Mountains; the river shining like a vein of liquid silver; Newburg Bay, and the Fishkill range. In Revolutionary times Fort Putnam stood here, with guns that threatened the enemy on all points. It was the most important of the Highland fortifications, and was constructed by Colonel Rufus Putnam, under the direction of Kosciuszko. Standing five hundred feet above the



Indian Falls.



Ruins of Fort Putnam.

river, on a hill so steep that a large body of men could not scale it, it was impregnable, and, with the several redoubts built on neighboring hills, it formed the strongest fortress in possession of the Americans. A portion of the walls and some of the casemates still remain. These are overgrown with grass, and a few trees have found root upon them. It is a very picturesque spot, and the view therefrom is one of the most beautiful that can be conceived.

Opposite to West Point, on the eastern bank, is the active village of Cold Spring, which is fifty-four miles from New York. Constitution Island, which lies abreast of it, was formerly heavily fortified, and afforded anchorage for one end of the great boom and chain. Cold Spring is a black spot on the beauty of the surrounding scene. It has

several iron-foundries, the chimneys of which pour out wreaths of smoke, and it was here that Major Parrott cast the celebrated guns which did such good service during the war of the rebellion. But, at night-time, when the furnaces glow in the darkness, and throw myriad sparks toward the sky, it is weirdly picturesque, and supplies a cheerful color to the view. Night in the Highlands, indeed, is scarcely less lovely than the day. The river breaks with the faintest murmur on the precipitous shore; the walls of the mountains are an impenetrable blackness, against which the starry path overhead looks the more lustrous. Trembling echoes strike the hill-sides plaintively, as a great steamer cleaves her way up the stream, or a tow-boat, with a string of canal-boats in her wake, struggles against the tide; while fleets of sailing-vessels drift past.

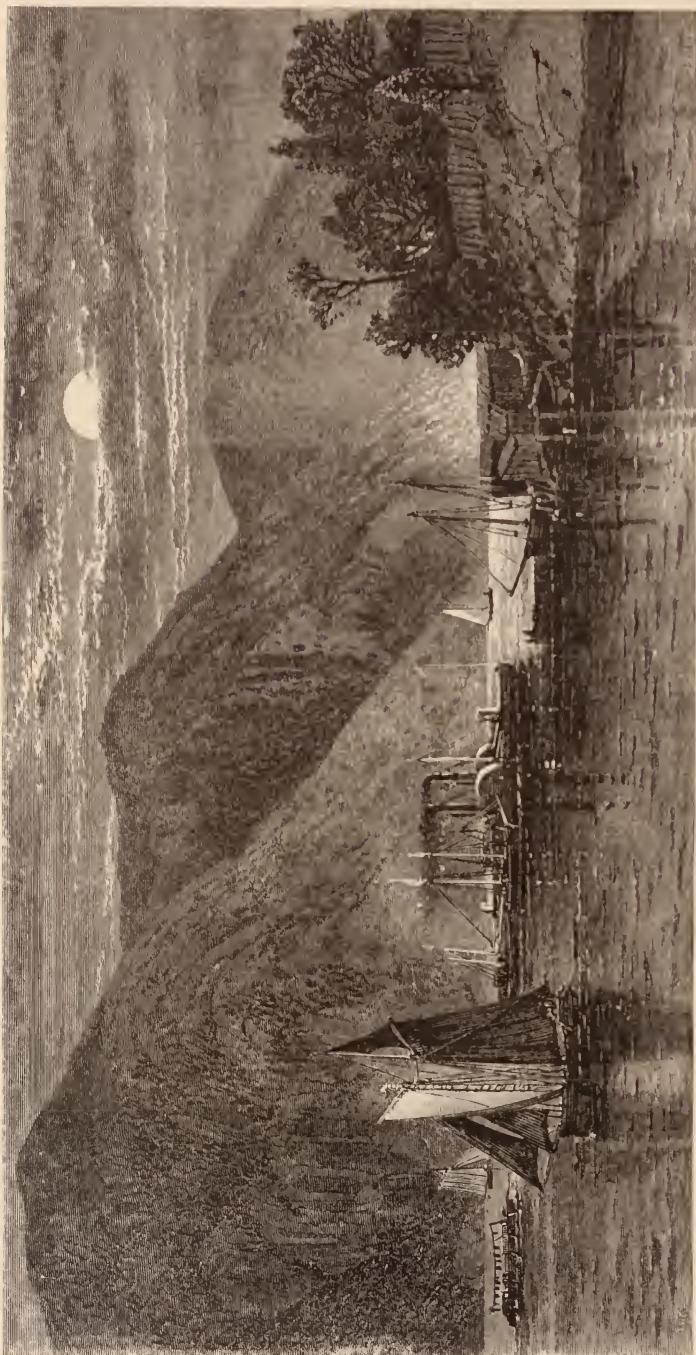
Near Cold Spring, on the eastern shore, on an elevated plateau, is "Undercliff," the home of the late George P. Morris, so well known as the author of "Woodman, spare that Tree," and who was so long associated with N. P. Willis in various literary ventures.

Just above the village there are two majestic hills separated by a narrow valley. The nearest is called Bull Hill, or Mount Taurus, and is over fifteen hundred feet high. It is said that long ago the neighborhood was troubled by a wild bull, and that the Dutch farmers of those days formed a party to destroy the beast. They hotly chased him for many a mile, and at last he sought refuge in the mountain. Still the valorous Knickerbockers followed, and drove him into the river.

The eminence to the north of Cold Spring is Breakneck Hill. It is over eighteen hundred feet high. Formerly a huge rock stood out on its front, bearing a wonderful likeness to a human face; but in 1846 some workmen, who were blasting near by, destroyed it. Their employer has been accused of intentional vandalism, and here, in behalf of all who love the beautiful, we enter a protest against the desecration of the banks of the Hudson. A State law has been passed forbidding the disfigurement in



Cold Spring, from Constitution Island.



Croton and Storm-King Mountains, from Cold Spring.

any way of natural scenery. It should be strictly enforced, and no mercy allowed to the offender. If the quack venders of bread-pills and solutions of nastiness are allowed to have their own way, they will not only spoil whatever is beautiful, by their ridiculous advertisements, but will bring discredit on the national character to a greater extent than they have done already.

A short distance above West Point, on the western bank of the river, are two abutting mountains of excelling beauty of form. A delightful excursion may be made from West Point to them. A civil boatman will row you into their shadow, and you may gather pebbles and mosses from the time-worn seams in the faces. As you glance upward from your frail vessel, their height appears magnified, and their gray flanks, almost uncovered by verdure, reach to heaven. They are composed principally of granite and gneiss, embedding loose nodules and fixed veins of magnetic iron-ore.

Geologists say that they belong, with Breakneck Hill, to a range extending in a northeastern and southwestern direction, and connecting with the Alleghanies. The chain is, beyond doubt, of primitive origin, and in

the early ages of the world must have opposed a barrier to the passage of the waters. Probably a vast lake covered the present valley of the Hudson, and extended to, if not over, Lake Champlain, eastward to the Taghkanick Mountain, in Columbia County, and the Highlands along the western borders of Massachusetts, and westward to the Kayaderosserao Mountain, near Lake George. This

area, it is said, must have been in former ages the ancient lake of the valley of the Hudson, indicated by the levels and surveys of the present day, and by an examination of the geological structure and alluvial formations of the valley.

The nearest of the mountains referred to is the Cro'nest, which is the scene of one of the most charming poems in the English language. In the summer of 1816, Fenimore Cooper, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Joseph Rodman Drake, and a friend, were strolling through the Highlands, when the conver-



Breakneck Mountain, from Little Stony Point.

sation turned on the adaptability of Scottish streams to the uses of poetry, by reason of their numerous romantic associations. Cooper and Halleck maintained that our American rivers afforded no such opportunities; but Drake, who was fond of argument, took the opposite side of the question, and, to make good his position, produced, in three days, the well-known poem of "The Culprit Fay." The poet was then only twenty-one years of age, and it is on this work that his fame chiefly rests.

The story is of simple construction. The fairies who live on Cro'nest are called together at midnight to sit in judgment on one of their number who has broken his vow. He is sentenced to perform a most difficult task, and evil spirits of air and water oppose him in his mission of penance. He is



The Highlands, from Cornwall.

sadly baffled and tempted, but at length conquers all difficulties, and his triumphant return is hailed with dance and song.

These Cro'nest fairies are a dainty and luxurious race. Their lanterns are owlets' eyes. Some of them repose in cobweb hammocks, swung on tufted spears of grass, and rocked by the zephyrs of a midsummer night. Others have beds of lichen, pillowed by the breast-plumes of the humming-bird. A few, still more luxurious, find couches in the purple shade of the four-o'clock, or in the little niches of rock lined with dazzling mica. Their tables, at which they drink dew from the butter-cups, are velvèt-like mushrooms, and the king's throne is of sassafras and spicewood, with tortoise-shell pillars, and crimson tulip-leaves for drapery. "But the quaint shifts and the beautiful outfit of the Culprit himself," says a writer on Drake, "comprise the most delectable imagery of the poem. He is worn out with fatigue and chagrin at the very commencement of his journey, and therefore makes captive a spotted toad, by way of a steed. Having bridled her with a silk-weed twist, his progress is made rapid by dint of lashing her sides with an osier-thong. Arrived at the beach, he launches fearlessly upon the tide, for among his other accomplishments the Fay is a graceful swimmer; but his tender limbs are so bruised by leeches, star-fish, and other watery enemies, that he is soon driven back."

"The cobweb lint and balsam dew of sorrel and henbane speedily relieve the little penitent's wounds, and, having refreshed himself with the juice of

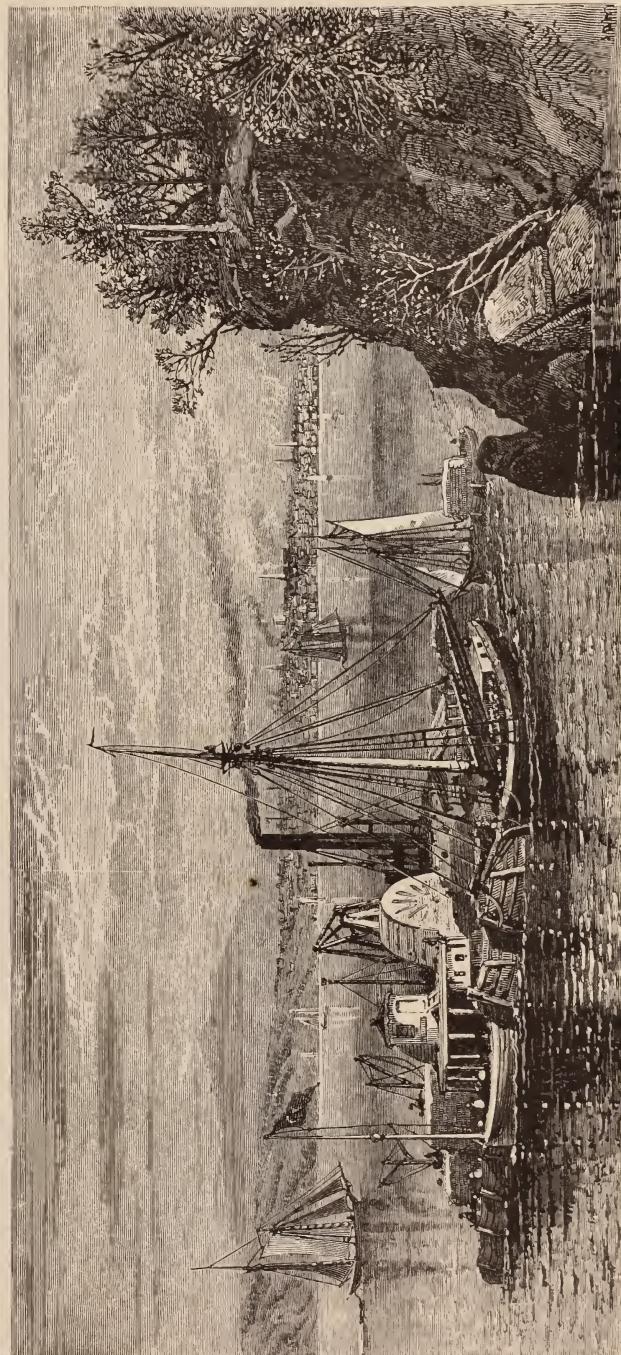
the calamus-root, he returns to the shore, and selects a neatly-shaped mussel-shell, brilliantly painted without and tinged with a pearl within. Nature seemed to have formed it expressly for a fairy-boat. Having notched the stern, and gathered a colen-bell to bail with, he sculls into the middle of the river,

laughing at his old foes as they grin and chatter around his way. There, in the sweet moonlight, he sits until a sturgeon comes by, and leaps, all glistening, into the silvery atmosphere; then, balancing his delicate frame upon one foot, like a Liliputian Mercury, he lifts the flowery cup, and catches the one sparkling drop that is to wash the stain from his wing.

“Gay is his return-voyage. Sweet nymphs clasp the boat’s side with their tiny hands, and cheerily urge it onward.

“His next enterprise is of a more knightly species; and he proceeds to array himself accordingly, as becomes a fairy cavalier. His acorn helmet is plumed with thistle-down, a bee’s-nest forms his corselet, and his cloak is of butterfly’s wings. With a lady-bug’s shell for a shield, and a wasp-sting lance, spurs of cockle-seed, a bow made of vine-twigs strung with maize-silk, and well supplied with nettle-shafts, he mounts his firefly, and, waving his blade of blue grass, speeds upward to catch a glimmering spark from some flying meteor. Again the spirits of evil are let loose upon him, and the upper elements are not more friendly than those below. A sylphid queen enchants him by her beauty and kindness. But though she played very archly with the butterfly cloak, and handled the tassel of his blade while he revealed to her pitying ear the dangers he had passed, the memory of his first love and the object of his pilgrimage kept his heart free. Escorted with great honor by the sylph’s lovely train, his career is resumed, and his flame-wood lamp at length rekindled, and, before the sentry-elf proclaims a streak in the eastern sky, the culprit has been welcomed to all his original glory.”

The mountain next above Cro’nest, separated from it by a fertile valley, is the old Butter Hill of the



Distant View of Newburg.

Dutch, which N. P. Willis rechristened the Storm King. It is over fifteen hundred feet high, and runs sheer to the water.

Here, as elsewhere in the neighborhood, crack-brained speculators have searched for Captain Kidd's buried treasure, and the river-front of the Cro'nest is called Kidd's Plug Cliff, on the supposition that a mass of projecting rock on the face of the precipice formed a plug to the orifice where the pirate's gold was hidden.

Turning the corner of the Storm King, the eye falls upon an elevated reach of table-land, which stretches far back from the shores of Newburg Bay, to the base of the western hills. On the verge



Idlewild, Cornwall.

of this terrace, near its southern extremity, is the many-gabled cottage of Idlewild, the former home of N. P. Willis. It was designed by Calvert Vaux, who, at the time, was an unknown architect at Newburg, and is now celebrated as one of the leading architects of Central Park.

"My cottage at Idlewild," Willis has written, "is a pretty type of the two lives which they live who are wise—the life in full view which the world thinks all; and the life out of sight, of which the world knows nothing. You see its front-porch from the thronged thoroughfare of the Hudson; but the grove behind it overhangs a deep-down glen, tracked but by my own tangled paths and the wild torrents which they by turns avoid and follow—a solitude in which the hourly hundreds of swift travelers

who pass within echo-distance, effect not the stirring of a leaf. But it does not take precipices and groves to make these *close remotenesses*. The city has many a one—many a wall on the crowded street behind which is the small chamber of a life lived utterly apart. Idlewild, with its viewless other side hidden from the thronged Hudson—its dark glen of rocks and woods, and the murmur of its brook—is but an example of every wise man's inner life illustrated and set to music." The author's study was in the upper story, and thence he looked out in the intervals of his work upon such a panorama as would carry balm to the lowliest mind.

There are some beautiful grounds on the Hudson which strangers are forbidden to enter. The vagabond and the tourist alike were welcome at Idlewild, and allowed to roam at will through the



The Highlands south from Newburg.

garden. "Fence out the pigs all may, if we know how, and nobody leaves the gate open," Willis wrote, "but to fence out a genial eye from any corner of the earth which Nature has lovingly touched with that pencil which never repeats itself; to shut up a glen or a waterfall for one man's exclusive knowing and enjoying; to lock up trees and glades, shady paths and haunts along rivulets—it would be an embezzlement by one man of Nature's gifts to all. A capitalist might as well cut off a star, or have the monopoly of an hour. Doors may lock, but out-doors is a freehold to feet and eyes."

Rounding the base of the Storm King, we enter the wide expanse of Newburg Bay, whence, by a backward glance, we may trace some of the beauties which we have already passed.



Washington's Headquarters, Newburg.

The steamer now turns a little to the west, and runs toward Cornwall Landing, which is fifty-six miles from New York. Cornwall is a charming town, crowded with cottages and summer boarding-houses, built, apparently, one over the other, on the slope of a hill which nourishes some fertile vine-



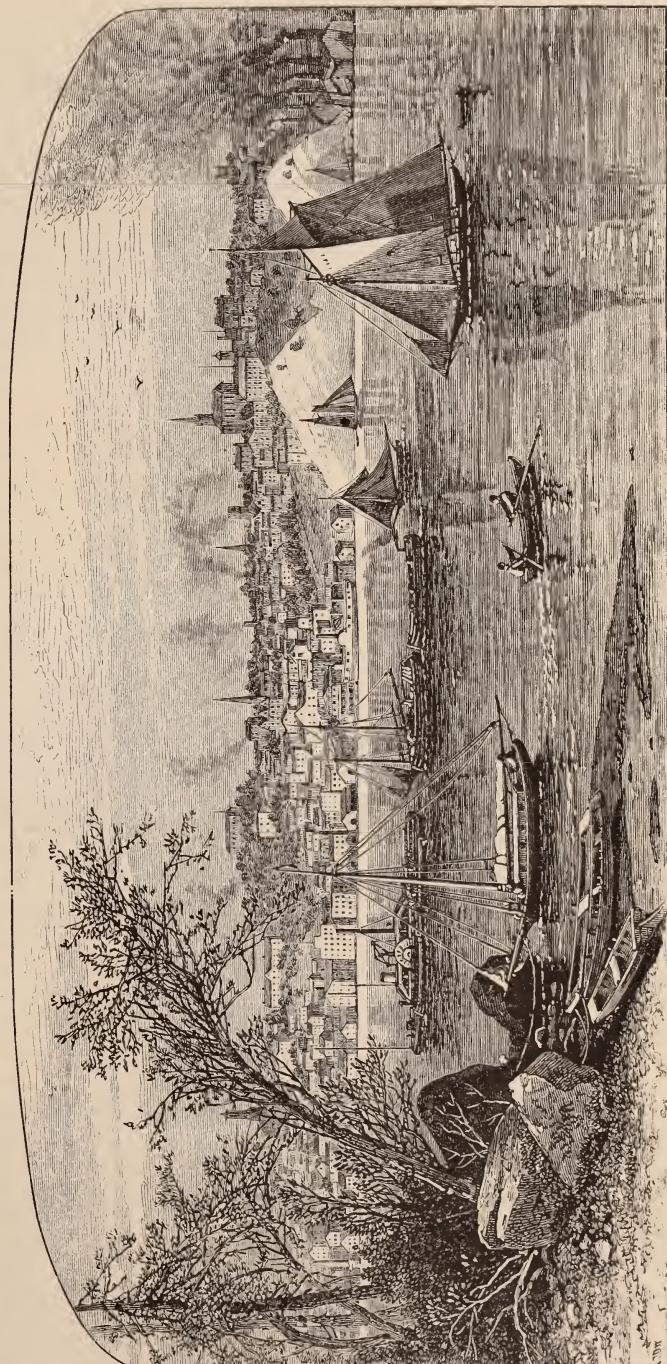
Summer-House, Cruger's Island.

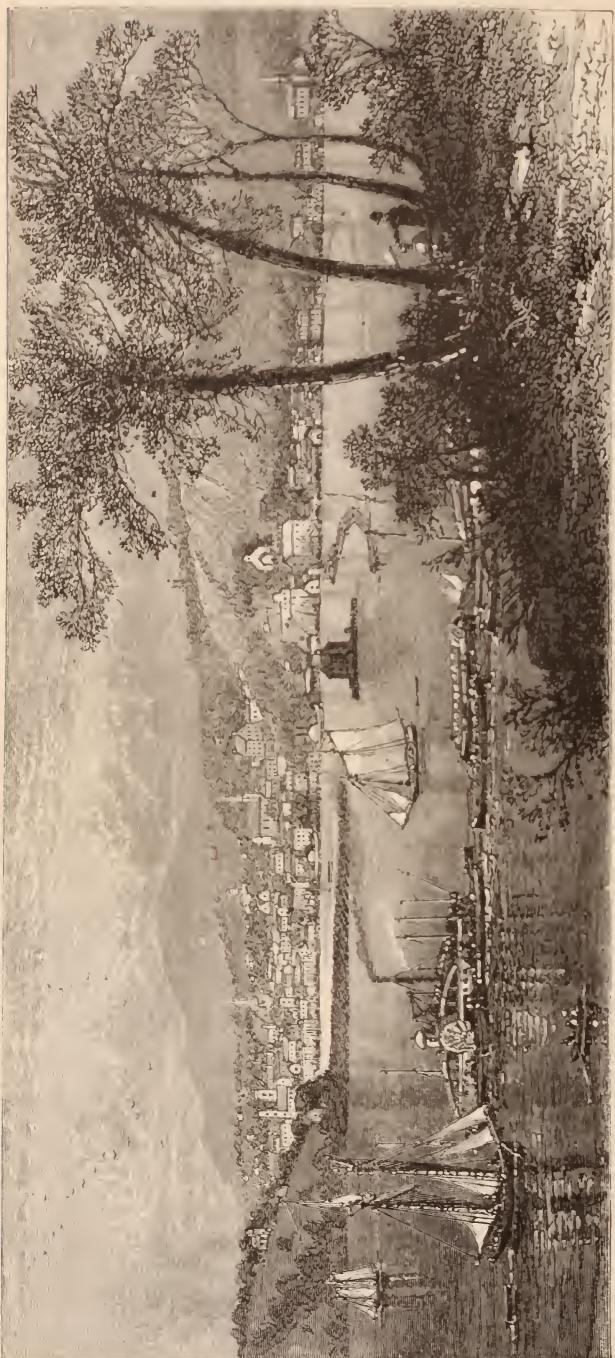
yards, and was named Island Terrace by N. P. Willis. Near here, the Moodna, flowing from its bowery environment, pays the tribute of its little stream to the greater river. In former days it was called Murderers' Creek, in memory of a massacre by the Indians, but Willis revolted at so gloomy a name, and generously rechristened it the Moodna.

Four miles north from Cornwall, on the western bank, is the town of Newburg, one of the largest and most important business-places on the Hudson. It is built on a hill-side, which the streets ascend at terrible angles, and the river-front is lined with wharves, sloops, schooners, and canal-boats. Many of the streets are sheltered by luxuriant shade-trees and bordered by tasteful dwellings, set back in pretty gardens. The surrounding country offers to the tourist some charming drives.

One of the chief attractions of Newburg is the house known as Washington's headquarters, situated on a lofty terrace a little to the south of the town, which was not only the scene of important events toward the close of the Revolutionary War, but is also a museum of numerous interesting relics. The house is built of gray-stone, and has a roof so large and steep as to nearly extinguish it. The central room is a quaint old place, with some antique chairs and tables, and a famous fireplace, with glistening brass andirons, on which, in the old days, the pine crackled and blazed in a royal way, while the great commander sat with outstretched feet, meditating on the battles which changed the history of the country.

Four miles above Newburg is the village of Low Point, on the eastern bank. Above Newburg Bay





Rondout.

the river narrows. The banks are high, but not precipitous. At the village of Marlborough, on the western bank, the exquisite arbor-vita tree grows in luxuriant perfection. Across the river is the village of New Hamburg, at the mouth of a creek, which the Hudson River Railway crosses on a trellis-work bridge.

We now approach the city of Poughkeepsie, or, as it is commonly called, "Pokepsee." Four miles below is the village of Milton Ferry, the home of the blacksmith who forged the links of the chain that stretched across the river at Fort Montgomery, for which good workmanship his smithy was afterward destroyed by the British, and he himself confined in the prison-ship "Jersey" at New York.

The name of Poughkeepsie is a modification of the Mohegan word *Apo-keep-sinck*, meaning "safe and pleasant harbor," and was given on account of two high bluffs, between which was a small sheltered bay, now filled in with wharves.

Poughkeepsie was settled by the Dutch at the close of the seventeenth century. The first stone building was erected by Baltus Van Kleet, and remained a hundred and thirty years, when it made way for modern improvements. The State Legislature met in it in 1777 and 1778, when the British held New York, and there also the State Convention for the ratification of the Federal Constitution met, holding debates in which Governor Clinton, John Jay, and Alexander Hamilton, took part. It is the shire town of Dutchess County. It is built on the table-land above the landing. The streets are beautifully shaded, and the situation is said to be ex-

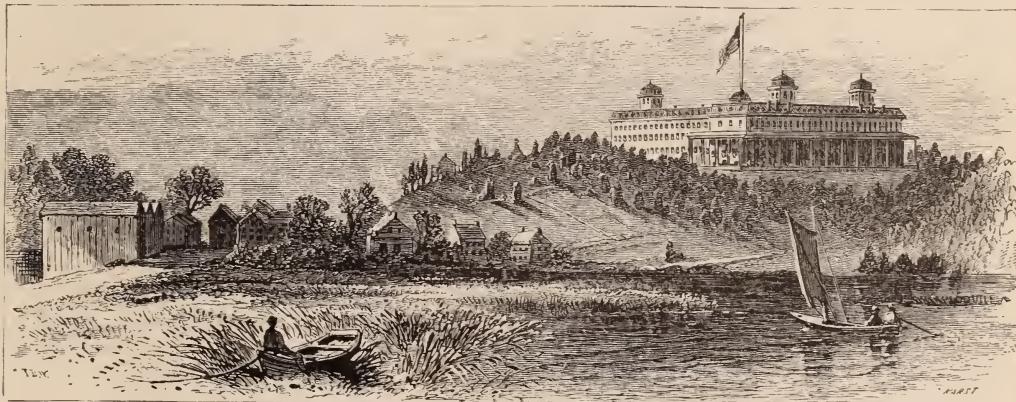
ceedingly salubrious. Near is the celebrated woman's college, founded by Matthew Vassar, a wealthy citizen, at which three hundred and fifty young women are educated in the fullest sense of the word. The college building, covering an area of fifty thousand square feet, contains one thousand doors, seven hundred and fifty windows, and the floors measure two hundred thousand square feet. The



Catskill Mountains, from Tivoli.

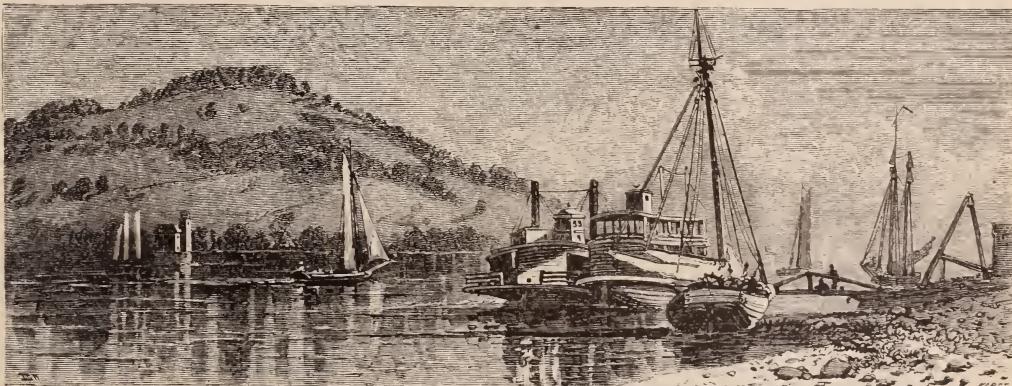
grounds were made romantic by Nature, and they have been cultivated with great taste by experienced landscape-gardeners.

Five miles above Poughkeepsie, on the eastern bank, is Hyde Park, in the country surrounding

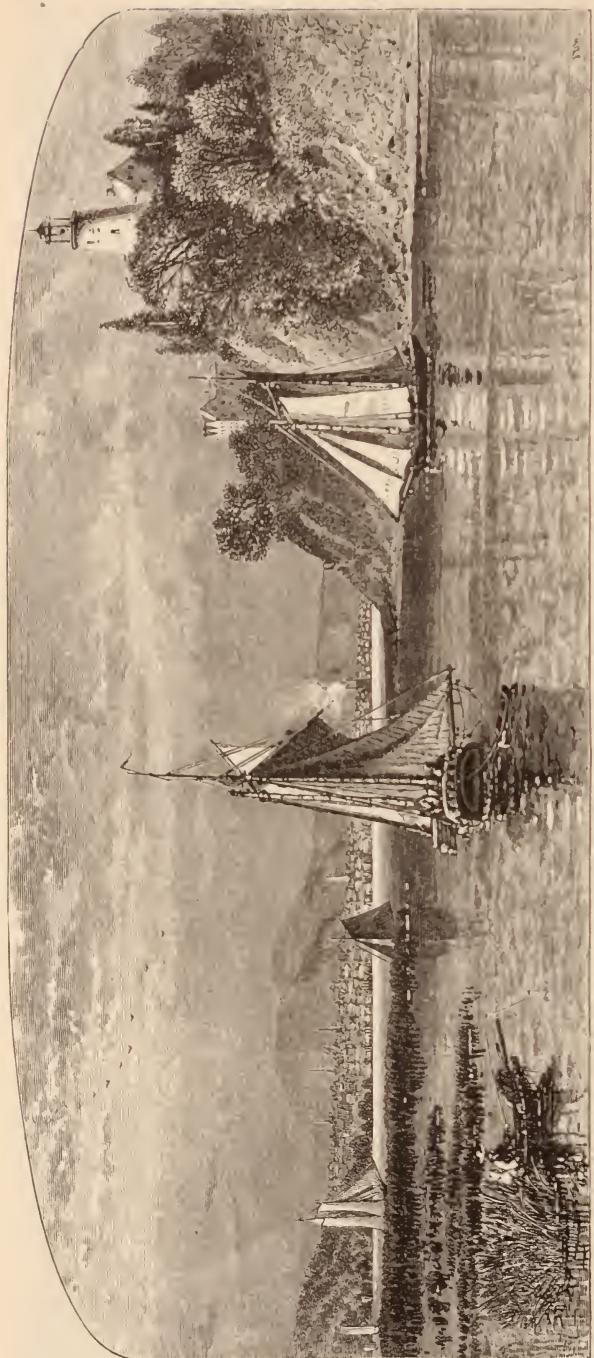


Prospect Park Hotel, Catskill Station.

which there is a large number of extensive and ancient country-seats, including Placentia, the former home of the late James K. Paulding, one of the pioneers of American literature.



Mount Merino.



Hudson from Four-Mile Point.

Above Staatsburg, the next village on the right, the banks are low and undulating, sometimes falling into a sad patch of swamp, a level reach of farmland, or a deeply-fruited orchard. Occasionally we pass an ice-house—a large, plain, flat-roofed wooden building, which can be distinguished by the narrow gangways, extending from the front down to the river-side. In such buildings as this fifty-five thousand tons of ice are sometimes stored, and are conveyed to the city, for summer consumption, in the peculiar-looking barges which are moored near the houses.

After Staatsburg we pass Rondout on the west, near the mouth of the Rondout Creek, three miles above which is the old town of Kingston.

Kingston, on the western bank, was settled by the Dutch more than two hundred years ago, and was thrice burned by the Indians, and once by three thousand British troops under General Vaughan. It was a "nest of rebels," the place where the State constitution was framed, and the first Legislature met. Near by a British spy was hanged on an apple-tree, having been caught with a dispatch from Clinton to Burgoyne in his possession. The paper was concealed in a hollow silver bullet, which the spy swallowed when arrested, but was disgorged under the gentle influence of an emetic.

Opposite Kingston is Rhinebeck Landing, the village of that name being two miles away, and invisible from the river. It was settled by William Beekman, who built a stone house which is yet standing, and in which the first public religious services in the neighborhood were held.

Barrytown is six miles farther up the river, and in its vicinity are two magnificent estates: one Montgomery Hall, with a house built by the wife of General Montgomery, who

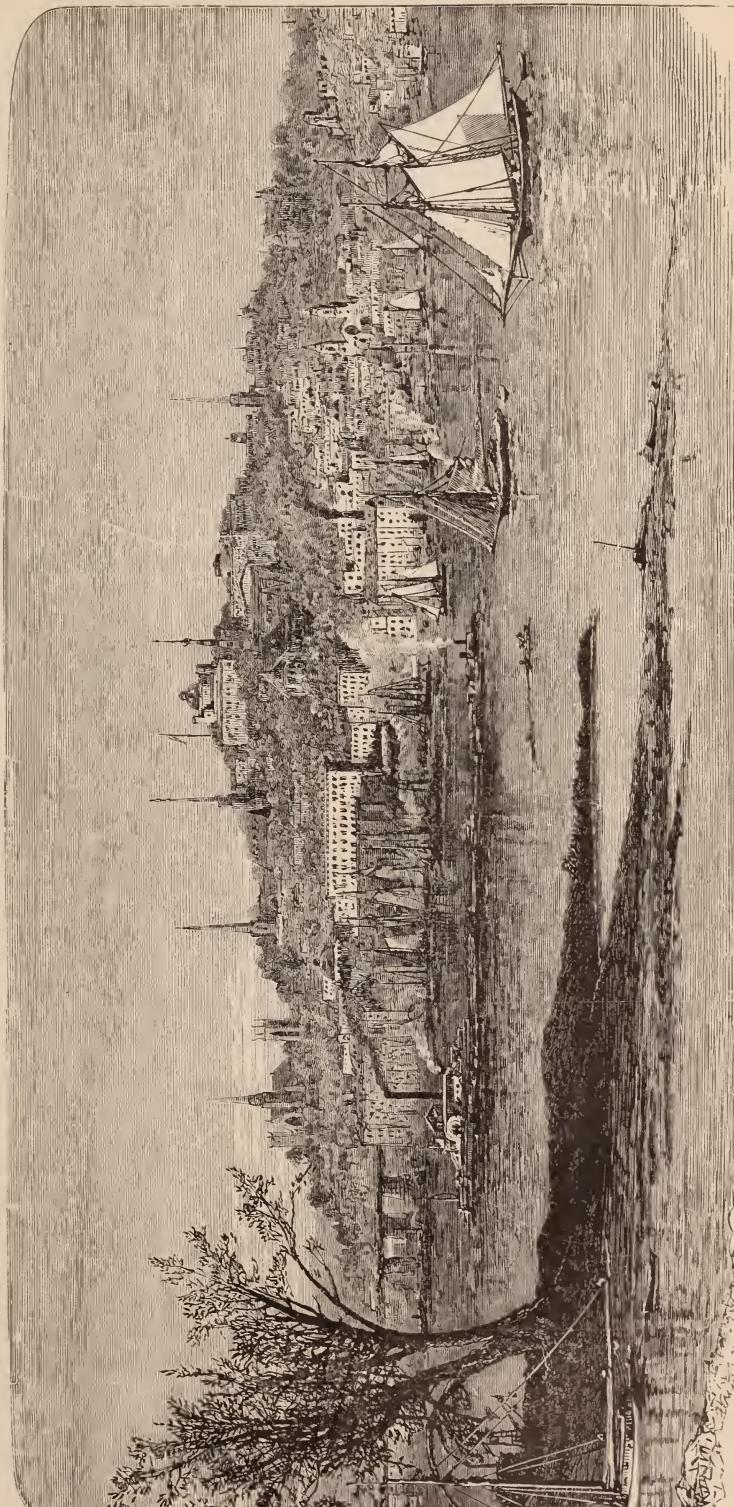
fell in the assault on Quebec; and the other Rokeby, the home of one of the Astors.

You will probably notice an islet near the eastern shore, above Barrytown. This is Cruger's Island, a beautiful spot, on which a wealthy gentleman has built a luxurious modern residence.

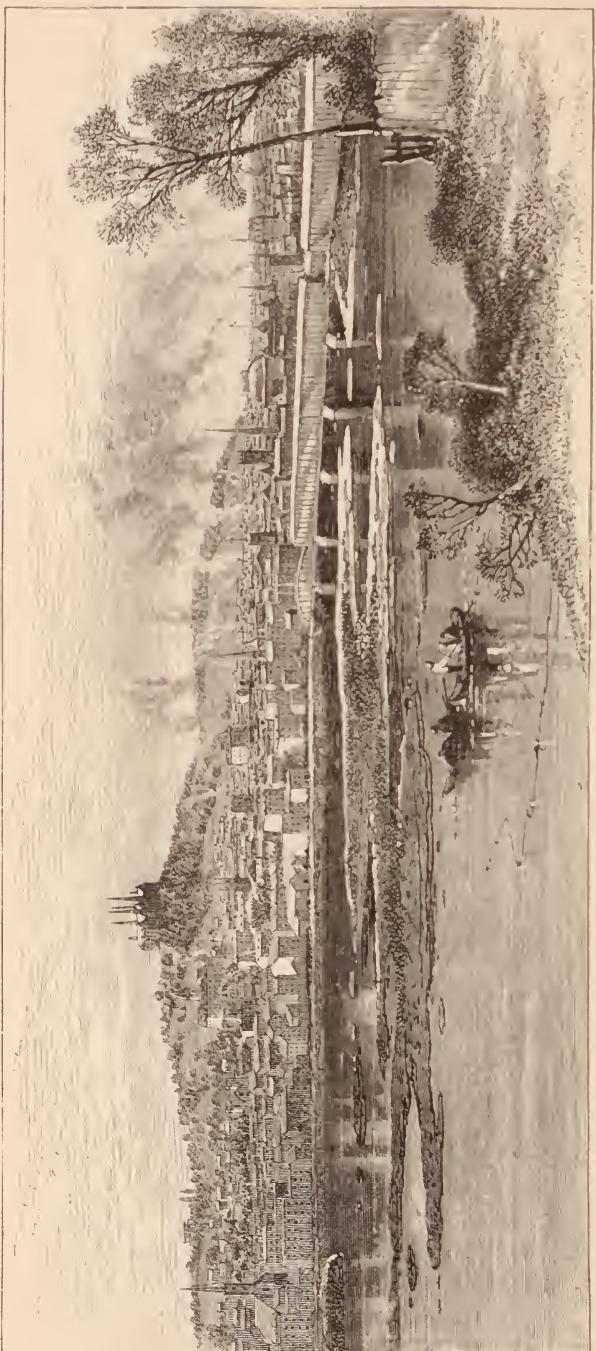
The next town on the eastern bank is Tivoli, the site of a house built before the Revolution by one

of the Livingston family; and opposite, on the western bank, is the village of Saugerties, near the mouth of the Esopus Creek, which comes flowing from the south through a valley.

At several points of the river we have already had glimpses of the Catskill Mountains stretching into invisible distance beyond the western bank. At Tivoli we obtain an uninterrupted view of them, save when a mass of fleecy cloud floats below their crests, and again we acknowledge the infinite variety and splendor of the Hudson's scenery. They possess every feature of beauty that makes a landscape interesting. The Catskills form the termination of a ridge of the Appalachian range, which enters the State from Pennsylvania, and extends through Sullivan, Ulster, and Greene Counties. They rise abruptly from a plain of their eastern side, and are ascended by a winding road at the edge of a deep glen, near the head of which is an amphitheatre, inclosed by lofty heights, where Rip



Albany.



Troy.

Van Winkle fell into his long sleep. Rip Van Winkle! Irving's exquisite story and Jefferson's acting are so familiar wherever the English language is spoken that it is unnecessary for us to repeat the legend of the village ne'er-do-well—the legend which, of all we have read, is the most delicious in its humor.

Among these glorious scenes, and in this exhilarating air, Cole, the artist, lived and painted the "Voyage of Life" and "The Cross and the World," two pictures which have found numerous enthusiastic admirers.

For many miles farther the Catskills are in view. Sometimes they are hidden by the river-banks or the foot-hills, and reappear before us with a new but ever-beautiful aspect.

Four miles above Tivoli is Germantown, and a few miles above the latter is the mouth of Roeleffe Jansen's Kill, or Ancram Creek. Here stood the original Livingston mansion, which, we believe, was built long before the house of the same name lower down the river. Claremont, the present house on this site, was erected by Chancellor Livingston, and is one of the finest country-seats on the river.

Catskill Landing is one hundred and eleven miles from New York, on the western shore. Little of the village of that name can be seen from the river, but a large hotel—the Prospect Park—is situated close on the bank. The Catskill enters the river near by, winding between rocky bluffs, in a deep channel, which is navigable to large vessels a mile from its mouth. Here Henry Hudson anchored the "The Half-moon," on the 20th of September, 1609, and was visited by the Indians.

Four miles above Catskill Landing a high promontory will be noticed. This is Mount Merino, its

name probably being derived from its use as a pasturage for the celebrated flocks of merino sheep which one of the Livingston family imported and bred. It is richly cultivated over its whole extent of six hundred acres, and has a very pretty appearance from the river. It is bordered by a rim of yellow

sand, upon which some pleasure-boats are beached, and the verdure is singularly bright. Another grand view of the Catskills is obtained from its summit.

Less than a mile above is the city of Hudson, lying upon a bold, rocky promontory, fifty feet high. The town was founded in 1784 by thirty proprietors, chiefly Quakers from New England. "Never in the history of cities," says Lossing, "has there been a more extraordinary example of rapid growth than that of Hudson. Within three years of the time when the farm on which it stands was purchased, over fifteen hundred persons had settled there, and the land was covered with wharves, storehouses, workshops, and barns." The population is now about fifteen thousand, and the principal street extends from the slopes of a lofty eminence called Prospect Hill, nearly a mile to the brow of a promontory fronting the river, where a pleasant public promenade was laid out more than fifty years ago. Directly opposite the city is the thriving village of Athens, which was first named Lunenberg, then Esperanza, and finally incorporated under its present name. Behind it spreads a country inhabited by a population consisting chiefly of the descendants of the Dutch, and all through the region, from Coxsackie to Kingston, the old language is still used in many families.

Still a little higher up, on the west bank, is Four-Mile Point, marked by a light-house, from which we glance down on the city of Hudson farther down, and above Four-Mile Point is the village of Coxsackie, which means "cut banks."

Until we reach Albany the scenery is now monotonous. We successively pass the village of Stuyvesant, New Baltimore, noticeable for its ship-yards, and, near Coeyman's (pronounced Queman's), a high, rocky island, on which the boundaries of four counties meet—Albany, Greene, Columbia, and Rensselaer. This was formerly named Bear Island, and on its summit was the castle of Rensselaerstein, from the walls of which the agent of a potentate called the "Patroon" demanded tribute from passing vessels.

Castleton, on a steep hill-side of the eastern bank, is the next village in our route. Near here there is a serious impediment to navigation in the Overslaugh, a bar in the river; but of late years the channel has been much improved by a system of dikes, which stretch for several miles along the course. Greenbush is on the eastern bank, and once was the site of extensive military barracks, whence troops were forwarded in 1812 to the Canadian frontier. But we have now reached Albany, the capital of the State, and a city rich in historical associations, yet alive with the prosperous traffic of to-day. The student will find little difficulty in repeopling some of the curious old houses with the Knickerbocker magnates who so faithfully transplanted all their manners and customs, even in matters of architecture, to the new country, while the bustling commercial man will discover a fine example of an American city in the busy streets, the lofty buildings, and the crowded wharves, on which a very large proportion of all the produce conveyed through the Erie Canal is emptied.

Before Albany was incorporated, it was variously known as Beverwyck, Williamstadt, and New Orange. Its growth was exceedingly slow, as was proper in a city of Knickerbockers, and in a hundred years from the time of its incorporation it could only boast of a population of ten thousand. But when Fulton succeeded in his experiments, and the steam-navigation of the Hudson became an accomplished fact, and when the Erie Canal was completed, and discharged immense loads of produce in the great basin, which is now the harbor of hundreds of boats, Albany attracted an increase of more than fifty thousand to its population in less than fifty years. Two hundred years ago it was surrounded by wooden walls, with loop-holes for musketry, and six gates, the ruins of which were in existence until 1812; but now, with a population of nearly seventy thousand, it is laid out with handsome avenues and drives, and will soon possess one of the most magnificent legislative buildings in the world.

Eight railways terminate in it or pass through it; its manufactories consist principally of stove-foundries and breweries; its sales of barley amount to over two million bushels a year, and its trade in lumber and cattle is equally large. The public buildings, besides the Capitol, include the celebrated Dudley Observatory, the State Arsenal, the State Library, and the University. On the flats above the city is the Schuyler House, the home of the first mayor of Albany, and in the northern part is the Van Rensselaer Manor, the home of the first Patroon—two of the most interesting historic houses of America.

Six miles above Albany is Troy, a city with a population of nearly fifty thousand. It is an active, thriving city, with many large manufactories, handsome churches, and elegant private residences. Poestenkill, a small creek, breaks through the city in narrow ravines and in a series of cascades, which

supply power to numerous mills. Here is Mrs. Willard's famous female seminary, and the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, founded by Stephen Van Rensselaer, in 1824.

Above Troy the river is not navigable, except for sloops as far as Waterford, at the mouth of the Mohawk. Fifty miles to the north are Glenn's Falls, consisting of a series of rapids and cascades, tumbling for a distance of eighty feet over rugged masses of dark stone. This spot is of peculiar interest, as being the situation of some of the most thrilling of the incidents in Fenimore Cooper's romance, "The Last of the Mohicans." Glenn's Falls is reached by rail from Albany or Troy, and is the point where passengers bound for Lake George leave the cars and take the stage-coach for that most charming resort, nine miles distant.

The journey by the Hudson River Railway, 144 miles, to Albany, though less popular with pleasure-travelers, during the heats of summer, than the steamboat route, is nevertheless a most interesting one. The road lies on the eastern bank of the river, touching its waters continually, and ever and anon crossing wide bays and the mouths of tributary streams. Great difficulties were surmounted in its mountain, rock, and water passage, and all so successfully and so thoroughly, that it is one of the surest routes on the continent. Opened 43 miles to Peekskill, September 29, 1849, and opened through, October 8, 1851. It has eight tunnels, with an aggregate length of 3,595 feet. The total amount expended in building and equipping the line was \$12,700,000. With its heavy business, its history is happily free from any considerable record of collision or accident. This is owing as much to the vigilant management and the admirable police as to the substantial character of the road itself. The flag-men are so stationed along the entire line, at intervals of a mile, and at curves and acclivities, as to secure unbroken signal communication from one end to the other. There are several through express trains daily from Grand Central Depot, Forty-second Street. Time, 4½ to 5½ hours.

STATIONS.—Spuyten Duyvel, 13; Riverdale, 14; Mount St. Vincent, 15; Yonkers, 17; Glenwood, 18; Hastings, 21; Dobb's Ferry, 22; Irvington, 24 (ferry to Piermont, terminus of Piermont Branch of Erie Railway); Tarrytown, 27 (ferry to Nyack); Scarborough, 31; Sing Sing, 32; Croton, 36; Cruger's, 37; Montrose, 41; Peekskill, 43; Fort Montgomery, 47; Garrison's, 51 (ferry to West Point); Cold Spring, 54; Coruwall Station, 56; Fishkill, 60 (ferry to Newburg, terminus of Newburg Branch of Erie Railway); Low Point, 64; New Hamburg, 66; Milton Ferry, 71; Poughkeepsie, 75; Hyde Park, 80; Staatsburg, 85; Rhinebeck, 90; Barrytown, 96; Tivoli, 100; Germantown, 105; Catskill Station, 111; Hudson, 115 (connects with Hudson and Boston Railway); Stockport, 119; Coxsackie Station, 123; Stuyvesant, 125; Schodack, 132; Castleton, 135; East Albany, 144; Albany (connects with New York Central and Albany & Susquehanna Railways); Troy, 150 (connects with Troy & Boston and with Rensselaer & Saratoga Railways).

#### HINTS TO TRAVELERS.

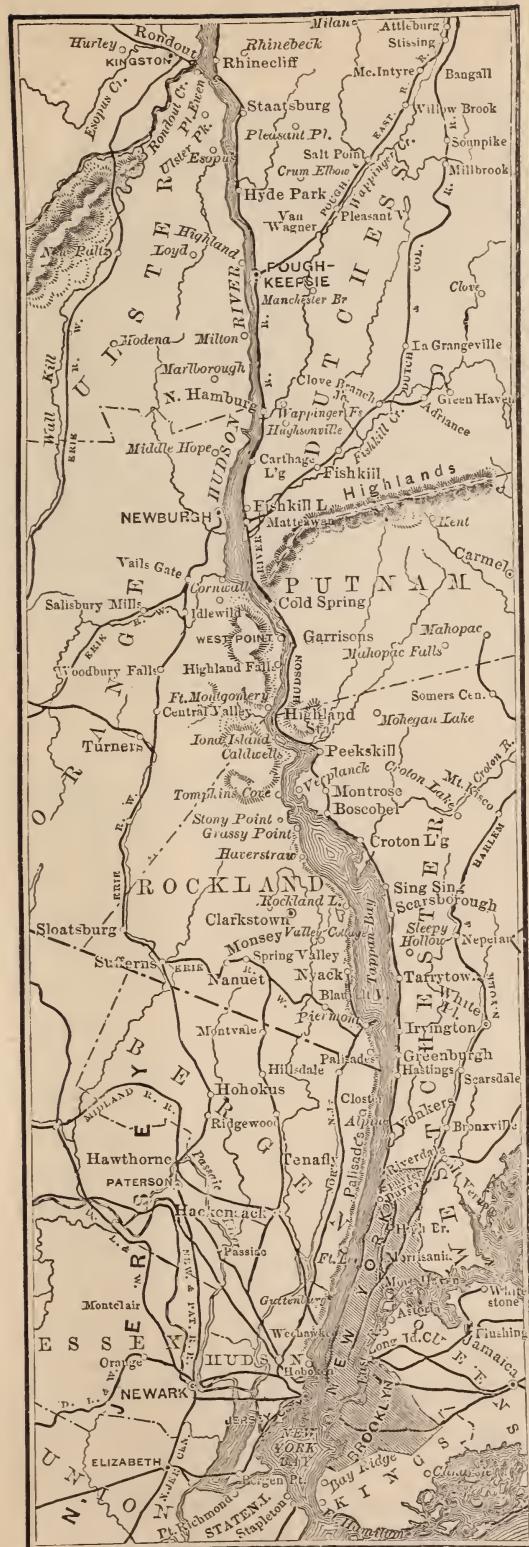
WE have in the earlier part of this book mentioned how much the beauty of scenery depends upon the hour of the day in which it is seen; and we also explained how much depends upon the place on the boat the traveler is enabled to secure.

There is a large, handsome, and swift day-boat each way every day during the season, and two or three night-boats, so long as navigation is open, of which the *St. John* and the *Dean Richmond* are famous as probably the largest and finest steamboats afloat.

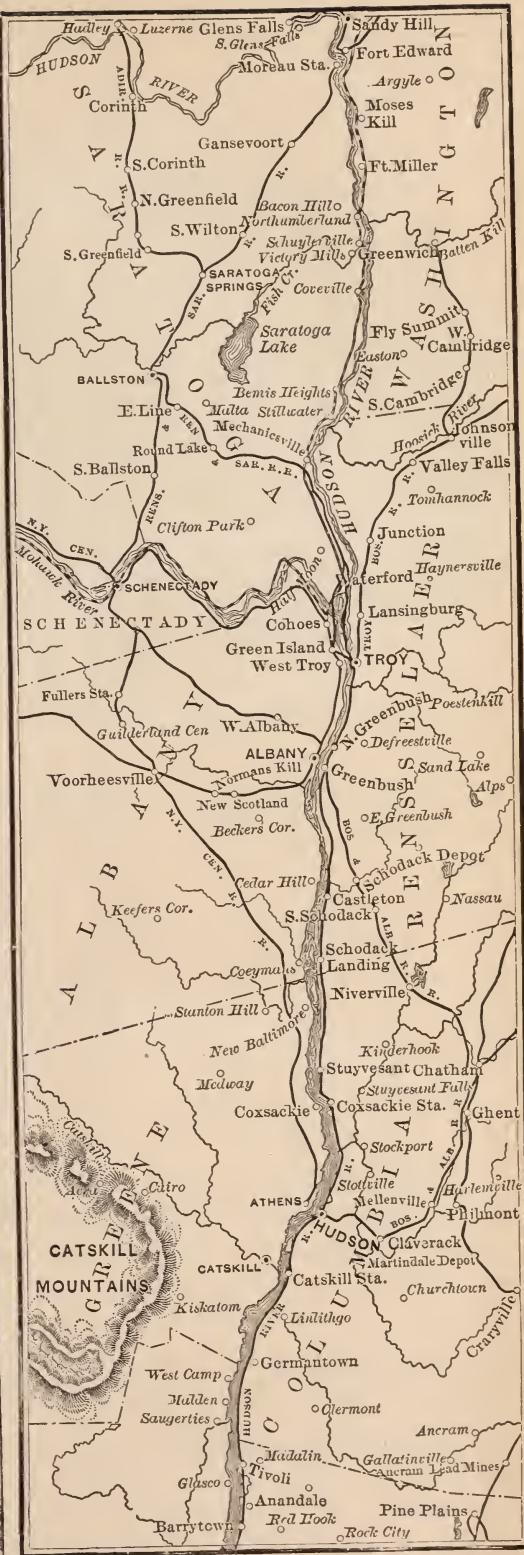
If the traveler wishes to see the more picturesque lower portion of the river only, there are excursion-boats to West Point almost every day during the season. It would be a pleasant trip to take the *Mary Powell*, at three o'clock in the afternoon, for Poughkeepsie, passing through the Highlands just at the hour when, as the sun sinks behind them, they lift in the half-mysterious light with greatly enhanced beauty. At Poughkeepsie (which is a sort of half-way house), the traveler may take cars for Albany.

If the traveler goes by rail, he should be early at the train, in order to secure a place on the left hand, if going north, or on the right hand, if going south. He will thus have good views of the river the entire distance, with some most charming glimpses of the shore along which the train is dashing.

Nevertheless, if the varied and charming river-views are to be enjoyed in all their completeness, let the lover of the picturesque take his place on the *Daniel Drew* or the *C. Vibbard*, and surrender the full day (some eight or ten hours) to the enjoyment of the panorama hour by hour unfolded before him.



SECTION ONE.—FROM NEW YORK TO RONDOUT.



SECTION TWO.—FROM RONDOUT TO GLENN'S FALLS.

MAP OF THE HUDSON RIVER.

## PRINCIPAL PLACES ON THE HUDSON,

AND THEIR DISTANCES FROM NEW YORK CITY.\*

	MILES.	MILES.	
WEEHAWKEN, west side, opposite the City.			
MANHATTANVILLE.....	east side, 8	MARLBOROUGH.....	east side, 66
FORT LEE.....	west side, 10	MILTON FERRY.....	east side, 71
FORT WASHINGTON.....	east side, 10	POUGHKEE'SIE.....	east side, 75
SPUYTEN DUYVEL.....	east side, 12	NEW PAITZ.....	west side, 75
RIVERDALE.....	east side, 14	HYDE PARK.....	east side, 80
MOUNT ST. VINCENT.....	east side, 14 1/2	STAATSBURG.....	east side, 85
YONKERS.....	east side, 17	RONDOUT.....	west side, 90
HASTINGS.....	east side, 21	KINGSTON (on ESGPUS CREEK, 2 miles from Rondout).	
DOBBS FERRY.....	east side, 22	RHINEBECK.....	east side, 90
PIERMONT.....	west side, 24	BARRYTOWN.....	east side, 96
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\* Distances are estimated from the New York City Hall. Towns on east side as far as Riverdale are within the city limits.



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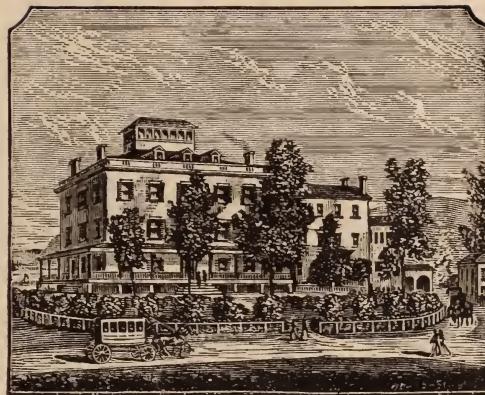
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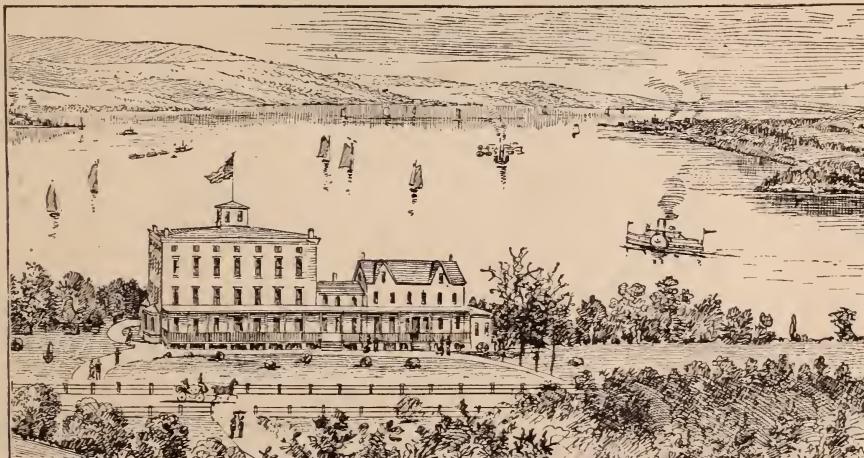


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